THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII. ROBERT BONNER, { PUBLISHER, 90 BEEKMAN ST. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1867. TERMS. { $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 35.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

"Keep to the right." The words I read,
 Scanning the sign with a listless eye,
As my good steed swerved to the rein, and sped,
Scatheless still, through the dusty whirl
 Of the wheels and hoofs that passed me by.

"Keep to the Right." The road was fair;
 Fair, and level, and long, and bright;
But Death had been horribly busy there,
And I snuffed a sickening odor of blood,
 And a wail went up to the gathering night.

A vision of wreck in a dusty cloud:
 But my steed's red nostrils arched with fright,
And then as we fled, methought, aloud
I cried to the winds, "O, God! to think
 How simple it seems to Keep to the Right!"

"The highways of Life, from zone to zone
 Lie fairly aspan from morn to night;
Yet are they all thus wreck-bestrown.
Ruin rides down, on them, body and soul,
 The wayfarer failing to Keep to the Right!

"An inch is but little to turn aside:
 A moment is naught in the waste of years;
And coursers are swift, and the road is wide,
And so—the dust on the chariot-wheels
 Is sprinkled forever with blood and tears.

"Ah! surely," I cried, "the sign I read
 With a listless eye, by chance, to-night,
As over the fair, broad road I sped,
Should hang on our every path of life
 Like a star, with its warning—"'KEEP TO THE
 RIGHT!'"

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XLIX.

THANKSGIVING.

When November came in 1862, came also in Norwood the renowned Thanksgiving Day, the holiday of old New England from its founding. The Pilgrims found it written, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." This beautiful poetry was translated into the policy of the Pilgrims by establishing a Fast day, in March or April, and a Day of Thanksgiving in November. Thus the whole people were to pass through the two gates of the year, Tears and Smiles, and observe them as Holy Days, all other profane and misleading festivities—Christmas, New Year's, and Saints' days without number, being laid aside. Both days, the Day of Fasting and the Day of Thanksgiving, were to be esteemed religious days, and so kept. On the forenoon of each the people were to assemble in their churches for religious services and a sermon. On these days good ministers were allowed a wider pasture than was befitting the Sabbath Day, and were expected to discourse upon public affairs. So that the pulpit had two safety valves, and the minister could give vent to his opinions upon matters and things in general twice a year without danger of being unsettled, on the one side, or, on the other, of exploding from pent-up fire.

If anywhere, a Fast Day ought to flourish in New England. Not that its people were acerb and superstitious, but they derived their tendencies from fathers who had suffered persecutions, and to whom "strong crying and tears" were familiar; and as the religious convictions of its people are deep, and their views of duty stern, one day in three hundred and sixty-five for public fasting could not seem unreasonable.

In the beginning, it was a day of *fasting*. The steps of decline are melancholy and instructive. "Nothing should be eaten between the rising and the setting of the sun," would seem a plain rule. But many people refused such rigor, and ate their breakfast with the foresight that it must last till supper, leaving out dinner by way of fasting.

But soon, while breakfast and supper were left as abutments on each side, the span was so long that a pier of crackers and cheese was built up in the middle, to carry the fasting safely over. Now all engineers know that a crib sunken in a stream, or a pier, is apt to become a point around which a deposit is soon formed, and even islands have thus grown up from a stake driven down or a mere lodgment of brush. And so it was with Fast-day. Crackers and cheese became premises of an argument. If crackers may be eaten without violation of fast, why not gingerbread? As the court before which these questions were brought often held its sessions in the stomach, the case was decided in favor of gingerbread.

Thus, with lamentable blindness, doughnuts were added; and to doughnuts (with astonishing infatuation) dried smoked-beef; though, with a latent sense of the danger, it was shaved exceedingly thin; to dried beef was added cold chicken—small, but young and tender; and to this, cold corned-beef. A plain apple-pie also got foot-hold. But, at this point, devotion made a stand against luxury, and conquered. The worldliness of eating *hot* dishes was happily eschewed. Cold victuals often require, and so minister to, the gracious feelings, if partaken of with patience and an uncomplaining spirit.

In the early day, fasting was the very spirit of abstinence; then, the spirit of moderation in eating; and finally, the spirit of abundance, making a judicious selection. At first, all intelligent creatures fasted. Then servants began to be excused; then delicate women; and then robustious children, that ran roaring round the house on fast days as if it were an exceeding Sunday; and finally, Fasting was itself the only thing that fasted on Fast-day.

Meantime, while the starved Fast-day, like a consumptive moon, grew pale, and thin, and wasted away, every year dying, and yet clinging tenaciously to life, the well-fed Thanksgiving-day, like a new moon, grew bright and round, and lay upon the year's horizon like a joyful pumpkin upon the ridges of a Yankee corn field; the pumpkin! sign and symbol in the calendar of New England of jovial festivity! And, now, Thanksgiving may be seen any year, in the mellow days of November, round and jolly, with all the air of a fat old English Christmas; while in April, amidst blustering winds and pinching frosts, its defrauded and bankrupt brother, very poor and thin, shambles along, wishing it were dead, among millions of hard-hearted people who wish so too. And so Self-gratulation flourishes in New England, while Humiliation loses popularity every year.

Rose Wentworth and Alice Cathcart returned home, after the great labors of summer and autumn, to recruit, and to spend the Thanksgiving. Agate Bissell peremptorily refused.

"Why should I go home? I have enough to do, and I love to do it. Nobody can take as good care of my boys as I can. And as for rest, I was never so little tired in my life."

In fact, Agate was living in an undreamed of glory. With such tender duties, so important; with such scope, and so many instruments; the love of activity which had all her life, like a subterranean river, flowed darkly and hidden within, now came to the surface and sparkled in the light without hindrance or bound.

"There can't be any thanksgiving to me like taking care of four hundred men that have been wounded for their country. But, then, you girls ought to go. You have fathers and mothers that have a right to you. I have none," said Agate, somewhat sadly.

"Well, Agate," said Rose, a little slyly, "you may have others who would like to see you, quite as near as if they were fathers?"

Whereat Agate's eye twinkled just a little, and she bent over to put up the bandages again which had been tumbled out of a box.

Rose and Alice meant to slip away without notice; but in some way it was known, and they had to pass the ordeal of gratitude. Next to ingratitude, the most painful thing to bear is gratitude. A sensitive nature is glad to know that one is grateful, and that one longs to show it. But to stand in the focus of an enthusiastic thanksgiving is awkward enough.

Few can express thanks gracefully, and fewer yet are those who can gracefully receive them. Both Rose and Alice found this out when rough men thanked them for their very lives, and others professed that they had been more than mothers to them, and some craved them to accept a button or some token of their prowess captured in battle. Amidst cheers, and some tears, too, on hard cheeks, the girls got away; and, though their faces were homeward and their hearts eager, there was a heavy feeling that they had turned their backs upon that which had taken hold even deeper than Home!

After the natural overflow of gladness at being once more at home had somewhat subsided, Rose was conscious of a dull disquiet, a sense of the emptiness of former pleasure. Common duties and the ordinary flow of village life were tame and flavorless. It seemed to her that people were living for trifles, and wasting the noblest powers upon matters scarcely worth a thought. Indeed she chid herself for wanting natural affection, inasmuch as her own home failed to furnish that deep content which she formerly knew. So long had she been engaged in the profoundest tragedies of heroic life, that the simple duties of peaceful domestic circles palled upon her taste. She grew restless, and longed to return to the exposures, the fatigues, and the sufferings even, of the hospital, the march, and the battlefield. There was, too, a strange uneasiness of conscience. Her judgment told her that she had a right to rest and to recreation. Yet she started when persons came in, as if they would reproach her for indolence.

But the winter soon wore away, and in March both Alice and Rose returned to their labors again, and prepared to enter the campaign of Chancellorsville with that glorious army whose only fault it was, that it was too large for its commander, a noble soldier, within a circle not too large.

Before March had done blustering, but not before the birds had come, our two brave women, glad to depart, though it was from homes as well loved as any for which mortal heart ever yearned, turned their dear faces southward.

Agate Bissell greeted them with a most motherly welcome. She seemed as fresh and unworn as if the winter had been a long vacation.

"Why, Agate," said Rose, "I never saw you look so well! A little pale,—just a little. But I suppose that is because you have all winter been under a roof. Field work will revive your color."

Rose handed her a package of letters, and among them one from Dr. Buell, saying archly, as she saw the color come to Agate's cheek:

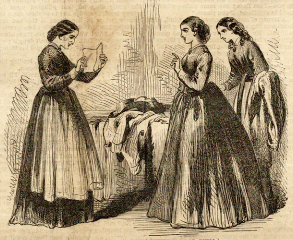
"On second thought, I do not know but you have as much color in your cheek as ever."

"Rose, you think that you know a good deal. But I tell you, if you do, then you know more than I do! You may read the letter and welcome," said Agate, extending the open letter to her. It ran:

"NORWOOD, *March* 14, 1863.

"MISS AGATE BISSELL—*Dear Madam:* At Miss Rose's suggestion, I write you a line, lest under the accumulation of labors, and in hours of weariness, you may be in danger of believing yourself forgotten. Truly, every pious and patriotic heart here at home thanks you for your excellent and most praiseworthy labors in behalf of our sick and wounded soldiers. Doubt not that many prayers ascend for you daily, mine among the number. The Lord is preparing you, it may be, for future important labors, in a school where so much of patience and of wisdom are required, and whatever may be the divine counsels which respect the future, may He overrule all to his own honor and glory.

"The meetings are well attended. A gracious spirit is found in the female prayer-meeting. Polly Marble is dead, and the deacon is very much afflicted. She was very faithful to him, and her last breath was spent in exhorting him, in an edifying manner. It's a great loss, indeed, to him, and to all of us, but a gain to her.



[AGATE BISSELL READING A LETTER FROM DR. BUELL.]

"There has been an interest in the church this winter, and several persons give pleasing evidence of a saving change. May they run well! All your friends will rejoice when your duties shall allow you to return home, and none more than your friend and affectionate pastor,

JEDEDIAH BUELL."

The campaign of Chancellorsville opened in May, 1863. General Barton Cathcart—for he had been advanced in rank,—learning of his sister's presence, sought her out immediately after the withdrawal of his brigade to the north side of the Rapidan. Rose Wentworth was engaged in the hospital transport service, and spent most of her time, for weeks, upon the steamboats that conveyed the wounded from the depots along the Potomac to Washington. Barton failed to see her. But Agate Bissell and his sister Alice, as soon as the army settled again in its former camps, he found. The movements of the army to the west and north soon separated them again, nor did they approach each other afterwards till the great battle of GETTYSBURG, toward which we will now wend our way.

Early in June, 1863, Lee began, with great skill of secrecy to transfer the bulk of his army from before Hooker's lines to the Shenandoah valley, preparatory to a sudden invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, by which masterly movement he had good reason to hope that the war would be removed from Virginia, which had already suffered incredible ills, as the chief battle-ground, to Pennsylvania, where an army might be easily sustained; and, if Hooker's army were defeated, Baltimore and Philadelphia would become prizes. Washington, cut off from the north, must then fall; and not far off from such an event must come peace, with the recognition of Southern independence.

Nor can one now, after the event, standing in General Lee's place, and reasoning upon the facts as they then appeared, and as we now know them to have actually been, charge him with unsobriety of expectation. There were good and sound military reasons for expecting success, and success would in all likelihood have been decisive of the results of the war.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, the army under Lee had, in numbers, equipment, but above all in the confidence of its own irresistibleness, reached the highest point of its history. It certainly had cause for self-confidence.

It had resisted the whole power of the Union for two years, with but one grand defeat, while it wrote upon its banners the great victories of the Seven Days of the Peninsula, of Fredericksburgh, of Second Bull's Run, and of Chancellorsville.

One general only had that army had, or desired, after it was fairly organized. Both the North and the South bore witness to his ability—the South by an enthusiastic admiration and confidence; the North by four times changing the general of the Army of the Potomac opposed to him.

On the third year of the war, with an army invincible thus far, and a commander whose name had gone out into all the world, it is not strange that they should be resolved to transfer the field of battle from Virginia, which was but one great mountain-clad fort, long enough besieged and seared with fire, and let the northern fields take their turn of blasting, blood and flame!

With their faces aglow with the victory of Chancellorsville, Lee's army skilfully glided past Hooker, entered the valley of the Shenandoah, drove out or consumed the loyal forces, and, in the last days of June, burst into the Cumberland valley, in Pennsylvania. Their cavalry, like the biting scud of a storm, spread instantly, and scoured all the defenceless region to the banks of the Susquehannah. With promptness and admirable decision, Lee stretched out Ewell's corps and dividing it, as with its right hand, seized York, thus threatening Baltimore and Washington; with his left hand he seized Carlisle, aiming at Harrisburgh and Philadelphia; while his main body lay at Chambersburg, near the head of the valley of the Cumberland.

Then it was that he learned that Hooker, moving in pursuit, had crossed the Potomac, concentrated at Frederick, with his face as though determined to strike across the foot of the Cumberland valley and cut off his line of communication with Virginia. To compel Hooker to let this enterprise alone, Lee drew back his advanced corps from York and Carlisle, with orders to concentrate with the centre, which poured through a pass in the South Mountain, upon Gettysburg, a small village in the eastern skirts of the mountain range; and so, Lee said, in effect, if you touch my line of communication I will seize Washington.

But, before this movement was known, or even half-way developed, Hooker retired from command, and the fifth commander in order came to the head of the Army of the Potomac. Ignorant of Lee's purposes, and knowing in general only that he was advancing to the centre of Pennsylvania, Meade, abandoning Hooker's plan, spread his army along the eastern side of the South Mountain, parallel to Lee's line, determined to follow him to the Susquehannah and bring him to battle.

But two marches had Meade made, bringing his army up nearly abreast of Gettysburgh, somewhat to the east and south-east of it, when he had reason to believe that Lee was concentrating on the east of South Mountain. Meade's left wing, three corps, under Reynolds, advanced upon Gettysburgh to discover the enemy, as well as to hide the operations of the centre and right wing. While Buford was pricking and probing the country with his cavalry, on the 29th of June, he rode into Gettysburgh, and was there stumbled upon the next day, June 30, by the advanced guard of the Southern army. Thus the two armies approached each other, big with terrific battle, as unconscious of the imminent shock as are two summer clouds, charged with storms, and moving upon opposite winds silently toward each other.

Three days of battle there were;—one on the outlying hills beyond the town, and two along the slopes and rocky crests south and east of Gettysburgh;—three days, on which the Southern army rolled in and broke upon the rocky ridges of the North, as spring tides moving with the power of the ocean behind them beat high and fierce upon a rocky coast, and retreat back again to the dark caves of the sea!

This was a battle between the men of the tropics and the men of the temperate zones. It was to be decided whether the gods of the valleys or the gods of the hills were the mightier. The fat Southern soils, tilled by enforced labor, made war on the rocks of the North, where men by hard labor had learned patience and skill. Two battles there were waged in one. Principles were contending in the air, while men were fighting on the ground. And when on the night of the fourth of July the army of the South, sullenly and in the dark, drew back from the farms of Pennsylvania and retreated southward, it was not alone the defeat of the army, but far more of the political economy, the genius of government, and the evil spirit of a perverted religion, that had inspired the conflict and given moral significance to the Rebellion.

But we have overrun our story, or, rather, gone before to prepare a way for the maiden's feet to tread.

CHAPTER L.

N THE MARCH.

A great excitement filled Washington when it was known that Lee had entered Pennsylvania. The darkness which had hung painfully over his movements was cleared away. The sweep of Jenkins' cavalry, the rapid movement of Ewell upon the Susquehannah, the opening of the rebel general's plans with such decision as indicated his sense of power, and confidence of victory were enough to account for excitement. But an invasion was something new. The intrusion of Lee the year before into Maryland scarcely punctured the rind of the Free States. But now it was reaching at the core. Such an uproar was never known among the farmers of Pennsylvania. The old Dutch settlers at last experienced a thrill! Three years had they probably been in doubt whether hostilities had broken out or not. They were conservative men. They would not be carried away with rumors. Newspapers they rarely saw, and then only to doubt them. But the cavalry raids, the sweeping up of their stock, the sudden departure of horses from the plow and wagon, and the farewell cackles of expiring hens, were things to be believed. In fine, eighty thousand men, with Lee at their head, had power to drive a new idea into the heads of the Pennsylvania Dutch around Gettysburgh. But once in, that idea of war wrought mightily. They raised a clamor that filled the State. Like Munchausen's horn, which, when hung near the fire, played all the tunes which had been frozen up in it through the winter, so all those hopes and fears, doubts and enthusiasms, which play out of common people's lives, but freeze up in the Dutch mind of Southern Pennsylvania, were now thawed out by the fire of war into clamorous racket, which went echoing through the cities of the country as if the Last Day had indeed come!

All manner of wild rumors filled Baltimore and Washington. As soon as Hooker's army had crossed the Potomac, it was known to the Sanitary Commission that a great battle must soon be fought. Energetic measures were taken to prepare succor for the wounded. Wagons were loaded with clothing, food, cordials, blankets, tents, and with all those numberless delicacies often so much better to the sick and wounded than medicine. Nurses and ladies were summoned. It behoved the Sanitary Commission to be on the ground as soon as a blow was struck. This was its golden opportunity. Its mission was not to supersede the Medical Department of the army, but, being more lithe and nimble, to anticipate the regular unfolding of organized succor; to meet exigencies not otherwise provided for; to fill up gaps and intervals, and to perform, by the presence of women, as noble as ever ministered in temple or sanctuary, those offices of consolation and Christian instruction to the dying, or desperately wounded, which transcended the functions of the Medical Department.

Signs multiplied of urgent danger and impetuous haste. The great hour of Destiny was advancing. The Departments of Government, the city of Washington and the whole region round about were like a boiling cauldron. As if more fuel was needed, Stuart and his large body of cavalry sought to regain Lee's army, and, crossing the Potomac at Seneca Creek, swept up through Maryland, flirting their wings in the face of Washington and Baltimore as they passed, and stirring up all the region as if they had been flying dragons.

No wonder, when, on the 28th of June, the sentinels and citizens saw mounted men looking right into the city of Washington, and then scuds of cavalry whirling around Baltimore, that troops were on foot, citizens armed and hastily rushed to the lines of defence, and that a thousand rumors, mixing truth and the fictions of fear, filled the air.

Hiram Beers started forth with a line of eight wagons, to overtake the army. Others were speedily to follow, while the railroads were to be employed, so soon as the battle-field was determined, for the bulk of transportation. He took the Rockville road, aiming at Frederick, where, in a conveyance of their own, Agate Bissell was to meet him, with Rose and Alice. At Rockville he was warned to turn back—the enemy filled the country. A train had just been seized and burnt.

"That's lucky for me," said Hiram. "You don't see a cannon ball go through the same hole twice. I guess the enemy hasn't made up his mind to stop, yet a while, and if he's gobbled up trains ahead of me, it stands to reason that he'll be gone afore I git there."

"There's no tellin', stranger," said the old man who was informing him, "how many there is of 'em. I hearn tell that the country's full on 'em. Jake Armistead has been out, you know, in the rebel army, though he's home now, and Union too, till his wounds get well, and *he* sez, there must be nigh about ten thousand, and that they cover the hull country thick as pigeons in acorn time. I reckon, stranger, that they'd like to take a look at your wagons."

Hiram pushed his hat up a trifle, on his forehead, and drawing a knife out of his pocket, as if utterly at ease, said, as he began slowly and smoothly to curl the shavings off the edge of a white pine stick:

"Thank'ee, sir. I guess they've got something else to look after by this time. Why, sir, there's twenty thousand troopers gone up after 'em from Washington, and Hooker, he's got a hundred thousand men at Frederick, and there's a hundred thousand more in Washington and Baltimore, and more comin' from the North every hour."

"More comin'?"

"More? Why, you haint begun to see yet. Fact is, the North is just wakin' up. We haint done nothin' yet but cut out the work. There's nobody gone hardly. You wouldn't think there was a man missin'. But, now we see what's to do, we are goin' to send down a million men, right off."

There had collected, by this time, quite a crowd around Hiram's teams, and he was improving the time while his horses eat oats to make a salutary impression on the Maryland mind.

An ex-rebel soldier seemed somewhat better informed:

"Lee has got York, and Carlisle, and, in a day or two, he'll have Harrisburgh, and then look out for fun!"

Hiram looked at him fixedly, as one who is in doubt whether he will impart a secret:

"Well, I guess it won't do no hurt to tell out now. But our folks jest left Carlisle on purpose to tempt 'em—like toasted cheese in a trap; if Lee's nibblin', you may depend on't, he'll find that he's caught."

"Ah, old Yank, you can't come that over me. Lee's used to nibblin' Yankee cheese. He ate some at Fredericksburgh, and he's jest been nibblin' a pretty large cheese at Chancellorsville, and, by the time you'll get there, I guess you'll find the old rat has gnawed his way out."

Nothing daunted by the laugh, Hiram, with a look of undisturbed confidence, just a little touched with pity for their ignorance, walked away toward his wagons.

"Do you really think," said one of his drivers, in an anxious tone, "that it's safe to go on?"

"Safe? what are you 'feard of? Lee is jest like a walnut in a nut-cracker. They'll smash him, sure."

"I shouldn't care about bein' caught. A prisoner on foot, trottin' along with cavalry, don't feel as comfortable as if he was to hum!"

"Is that so?" said Hiram, very soberly.

"Wal, it is. I tell ye—mebbe you haint tried it? I've travelled ye see, and don't want to do it any more. The fust time—Mosby's men, they tuck me. Wal, one on 'em took a fancy to my cap, and swopped. I got something to boot though," said the driver, beginning to scratch his head, "every time I think of that old felt hat that he guv' me, somehow I feel like scratchin'. Another man, he wanted my shoes, and I lent 'em to him. They never cum back. Then one of the officers took a likin' to my coat; and, at last, a darned rascal made me get out of my britches. In less than five minutes I didn't know myself, and kept lookin' 'round to see where I was. But I found out afore they'd done with me."

"Wal," said Hiram, "drive on; I don't expect anybody to catch me."

"Nobody expects to be caught. You see, a feller is goin' along, drivin' his horses and chawin' his tobacker, thinkin' about the home-folks, touchin' up fust one horse and then another, when—right ahead—fizz! bang! whang! bang! and then, behind in the line, you hear it again—whang! bang!—and a hundred horsemen whirl in on you, cut out your wagons, and, afore the soldiers can get up, twenty wagons are drivin' off like mad, and rebel soldiers a-prickin' the mules with bayonets, and afore you fairly know which eend you stand on, they're all in the mountains and you're dividin' your clothes with the ragamuffins."

Hiram laughed at the descriptive misery, but ordered forward the teams.

"I've no idea of lettin' them Southern fellers have the handlin' of these goods. Pretty business for our folks to set up nights to knit stockins, and then have the rebels put 'em on to fight our boys with! They didn't have an apple-parin' at our town to make apple-sarse for Lee's army, I guess! Golly! what would Marm Marble say if she should hear that the rebs had got her dried apples and punkins? No, no; they shan't poke their nasty fingers into my sweetmeats. I didn't fetch these nice liquors for their accommodation. Liquor is a good thing in its place. But, as a general thing, I'm of opinion that the very worst place you can put good liquor into is a feller's stomach! If a feller's been tapped with a bullet, that may make a difference. But I don't believe the Lord ever made that hole in a man's face to pour liquor through."

"Wal," said one of his men, "then there's been an amazin' oversight somewhere. There's been a sight of liquor got through the wrong place, then!"

Hiram got safely to Frederick, and met there the agents and ladies of the Commission. But Meade had been gone a day. The order then was to follow up the army and to keep within easy reach of it.

The next morning the whole party were on the road. Hiram expressed himself on the subject of armies:

"If there ever was anything that beat all creation in bein' expensive, it's an army. It runs off property as fast as a river does water. It's waste, waste, waste! Enough is trod under foot every day to feed a town, and when they're marchin', they're wuss than buffaloes in a corn-field. But the hind end of an army is about the most disagreeable place that I know on. The stragglers, and traders, and rascals, strain through, and leave a welt of dirt for miles and miles behind. I couldn't sleep a wink last night. Frederick was chuck-full of roarin', drinkin' fellers, fightin' and yellin'. I think the hind-end of an army is more dangerous than its fore-end. It's like Gran'ther Morse's old musket, that would tear you to pieces if you were before it, and kick you to pieces if you stood behind it. The only place where it was safe was hangin' up over the fire-place to hum. An army is a very dangerous thing, anyhow, and awful extravagant. I s'pose we must fight it through now, though. Don't see no other way. But, if ever this war's over, I'm goin' to jine an Everlastin' Peace Society."

As the party journeyed on, at every mile evidences multiplied that the army was not far away. Stragglers abounded. The main army seemed to have done no damage. One would not except for the beaten roads, and some little invasion of fields, the breaking here and there of a cherry branch, whose luscious fruit tempted its own fate, have dreamed that eighty thousand men had passed; but, after the army came the herd of stragglers. They robbed houses, stole horses from the stables, and in drunken knots caroused or threatened those who were weak.

Rose looked out upon the wondrous brightness of those June days—no, it was the first of July—marvelling in her thoughts how the enginery of death could be moving through all this peace and beauty to its dreaded work. The sky was deep. Drifting through it in profound leisure—drifting so slowly and gently that they hardly seemed to move, were soft and small clouds. So long had Rose now been trained in scenes of pain and terror that her heart knew its own courage; and though there was in the very air, and through all its brightness, a certain sadness, as if already she felt the horrors of that distant battle, whose sounds, though it was already begun, were not heard, Rose's thoughts floated peacefully as those flecks of brilliant cloud, dazzling white, mixed with shades and shadows.

"Rootless and stemless, ye grow, oh clouds! The winds that roar upon forests shake no sounds out of your silent forms. Without seed or sowing, ye grow. Ye wither without frost, or the axe, and pass away in an hour. Ye grow alike in winter as in summer, and shake down from your boughs drops or flakes in both seasons. Yet no man may plant you, nor till you, nor play husbandry in the realm where ye dwell."

"I s'pose you're thinkin', Miss Rose," said Hiram, "that it's time to have something to eat. Well, I shouldn't wonder if 'twas."

"Yes, Hiram, I was thinking of harvests, but not exactly such as could be eaten."

"Well, I'll see what can be done. The fact is, the soldiers are yonder, fillin' all the road, and I don't b'lieve we can git along much further. You wait a bit, and I'll go and see."

In a moment Rose was dreaming again, with her face turned toward the clouds.

"Out of such stillness of white come storms! Ye are the mothers of thunder! Hidden there is the lightning! Now ye are palaces of silence, but to-morrow all the sounds of storm shall resound among you! And so out of men's loving hearts comes hatred, and out of men's consciences comes war, and all that makes peace beautiful changes in battle to mighty wrath, to awful cruelty, to remorseless slaughter. Even now—who knows?—while I look upon this serene heaven, Barton, perhaps, is in the heat of fight; it may be he lies wounded, or dying, because no one binds up his wounds——"

"What on earth's the matter, Miss Rose—are ye cryin'?" said Hiram, and without waiting for an answer he went on—"It's no time for cryin' now—the battle is goin' on. We've heerd from Gettysburgh—some say it's all on our side, and some say t'other way, and nobody knows anything about it. But the headquarters is movin', and the whole army is goin' ahead. If you mean to get there to-night we must be stirrin', I can tell ye."

Rose consulted with the agents of the Commission in charge of the company, and it was considered useless to attempt to force their way along the roads by which the army was moving, already choked up with artillery, supply trains, and the troops. In their perplexity Hiram started out to explore. He soon returned. With him came also a military man of distinguished bearing. A staff officer rode by his side, and a colored man stood at a little distance grinning and looking at Rose in the most extraordinary manner.

An outcry from Alice was Barton Cathcart's introduction. She sprung out of the carriage and threw herself into his arms with impassioned fondness. He looked down upon his sister with a look of the proudest love. For a moment the blood left Rose's cheek, but then came again with a rebound.

"Oh, Barton," said Alice, "to see you here, in this strange place, is like a breath from home. But there is Rose coming to you."

Rose's first impulse was not to intrude upon him. Her next and better thought was, "It is Barton, my childhood friend," and in a moment every other thought was gone, and with a gladness scarcely less demonstrative than Alice's, Rose reached both her hands to Barton. But he was more embarrassed. Rose's warmth of manner seemed to touch him. He had prepared for a more formal meeting.

"This is very kind, Miss Wentworth."

"No, no, Barton—I am not Miss Wentworth—to you—I am Rose; the same names which we used in childhood, if you please."

A throng of memories crowded his mind. His heart was like a vortex in which strong feelings whirled. He would have spoken, but seemed like one who hesitates which of many things to say first. He fixed upon Rose a look so full of inquiry, and yet so imploring and hungry, a look full of eagerness and helplessness, that Rose to her dying day never forgot it. Words are of the flesh, opaque. Looks are of the spirit, luminous.

The pause was embarrassing. Rose first plucked up her voice and said:

"Barton, we are going with you. Can we get along in time on this route, or shall we be delayed? The roads are choked up with the army."

"You had better keep with my Division. We are pushing on with all our might. The day has gone wrong, and we must all be up to-night."

There was time but for a few words, hurried and almost incoherent. In a moment Barton was gone. It was a dream! They awake to see him disappear among the throngs beyond!

It was late before they reached the vicinity of Gettysburgh. All the way Barton's look dwelt with Rose. The most emphatic revelations of the soul are made through glances of the eye. By the looks only can the soul signify complex experiences—hope, fear, yearning, love, sad and sorrowful—and all in an instant. These revelations of the soul's inmost life will not be incarnated in the rude materials of common language. But a look is almost as immaterial as a thought. A glance is a fit incarnation of a thing so tender as love. Not what they say do we remember of absent friends; but, how they looked while saying it. We live upon the meaning of the expressions of the face more than of the tongue. The silences which speech carries along with it are often more emphatic than the words.

By a side road, Hiram had got his party out from the tangle of the Taneytown road, and was making his way over to the Baltimore turnpike. Although the moon was of some slight help, yet, by eight o'clock, the jaded horses and scarcely less jaded company were glad to find a farm-house where they might sleep. By the faint moonlight Hiram descried a palace of a barn near at hand.

"Aha!" said Hiram, "there is a Dutch barn. Now we shall stumble over the hovel pretty soon."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Agate.

"I mean," replied Hiram, "that them Pennsylvany Dutch think more of their horses than they do of themselves. A feller travellin' round here awhile almost wishes he was a horse. The houses are mean; the barns are magnificent."

Hiram, for once, had to take back his words, for they approached a large and comely farm-house, which would have done no discredit to the elm homes of New England. Everything about it was still. Though it was not yet nine o'clock not a light was burning.

"I guess," said Hiram, "that they're gone out to see the sights. 'Taint every day that a Dutchman sees an army. I guess they think the day of judgment is cum. They will if there's much fightin' to-morrow."

He was again mistaken. The family were abed and soundly asleep. A rap at the door brought the owner out of bed, and his honest face to the door.

"Can we git leave to stay here to-night?" said Hiram.

"Why, of course you can. Come right in! Women?—why, women?—out this time o' night? That's too bad. Mary! Mary, I say!"

By this time his good wife Mary came forth, the smiles endeavoring to chase the sleepiness off from her face, as she was tying a string here, or buttoning there, or hooking up her dress behind.

"Seems to me your abed early, uncle, aren't ye?" said Hiram.

"Wal—pretty. But we go to bed early; we get up early, too."

"Liked to have got up this time 'fore you got to bed," said Hiram, winking.

"Yes, yes, yes," said the honest old farmer, with an unmeaning laugh.

"Don't you know the army's all round you?"

"Yes; but they won't touch nuthin'. They're welcome to 't if they do."

"How far is it to town?"

"Wal—'bout three miles; three and a half—say four miles. Depends little on which way you go."

After Hiram had seen to the horses, he followed the sounds, and soon came upon the wagon trains parked for the night. The rumbling of artillery still was heard in the roads near by. Reserve artillery and ammunition trains had turned into fields on either side of the road. Soldiers were still crowding onward. They moved silently, as men who were tired with long and rapid marching.

He came across a part of the cavalry that had that morning been engaged, and picked up some scraps of the fight as they had seen it. He inquired for the hospitals, toward which, in the morning, he was to go. An officer, with his head bandaged, gave him the information.

Buford's Cavalry and Wadsworth's Division of Reynolds' Corps had held the heads of Hill and Longstreet's Corps, coming from Chambersburgh, in check, and gained some advantage. But about noon Ewell's Corps coming in on the Union right, brought great disaster and even rout upon them. The whole left wing had barely saved itself, but now was holding the high ground south and east of Gettysburgh. This was the first day's fight. Hiram returned to the house, and after a generous supper the party were glad to retire. The day had been enough fatiguing. The morrow would try them yet more.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

UNCLE WILL.'S STORY.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"I don't believe one word that you are saying, Tom!" said little Miss Milberry, her cheeks growing as red, in her indignation, as the cherry-colored ribbons in her hair. "Sister Sue wouldn't look at that old fudge! She's going to marry Willie Earle. I guess I know! He asked me, one night, if I wouldn't like to have him for my brother? And I said yes; for I like him ever so much!"

"You may believe it, or not, just as you like, Miss Pert; it's so. I heard ma tell pa so this morning. You've got to have old Acres for your brother. *He's* got lots of tin; oceans of dollars! O, crackey! won't he make things shine!"

Here Master Tom varied the performance of walking on his hands by turning a regular summerset.

"I won't have him for my brother!" exclaimed the little lady, stamping her foot. "And you are just the worst, the hatefulest boy——"

Just then a white-robed figure fluttered out upon the porch, bringing with it the gleam of golden hair and blue eyes.

"Flo. Milberry, what *do* you mean by getting into such a passion?"

"It isn't me; it's that ugly, provoking Tom! He *will* have it that you are going to marry that cross old Akers, whose hair is almost as white as grandpa's, and not Willie Earle, who's so kind and nice-looking. It aint so, is it, Sue?"

Susan Milberry had to look very intently upon the costly diamond that glittered upon her snowy hand, to enable her to swallow down the uneasy feeling in her throat at this not very flattering comparison between her two lovers.

"There, now! what did I tell you?" exclaimed the triumphant Tom. "She don't deny it; she daresn't! Hooray for old Akers and his money-bags!"

And up went Tom's heels again, landing him down the steps into the garden beneath.

"Tom, if you don't behave yourself, I'll tell father of you when he comes home," said Susan, as she beat a rapid retreat into the house.

Tom gave expression to what he considered his triumph by a shrill "cock-a-doodle-do!" which the intervening door could not entirely shut out.

"It aint so, is it, Sue?" persisted little Flo., as she followed her sister into the house.

Susan looked down into the little face that was lifted so earnestly to hers,; that, with its wealth of golden tresses, its clear, pearly complexion, with its faint, rosy flush in the cheeks, was so like to her own, yet whose frank, fearless look was so different from her own weakly vascillating nature.

"What do *you* care about it, Flo.?" she said, evasively. "Wouldn't you like to have me marry Squire Akers, who owns that big house on the hill, with its beautiful grounds, and who has a carriage and so many fine things? What nice times you would have coming to see me!"

"No," said Florence, stoutly, quite unmoved by this tempting appeal. "I wouldn't go where such a cross, disagreeable man lives; not if his house was twice as beautiful! When I broke the pretty statuette that papa gave me Christmast, and tried ever so hard to cry softly, he said, 'what a noise!' and that 'children ought to stay in the nursery till they knew how to behave.' But Willie Earle said 'it was too bad,' and that 'when he got back from India he would bring me an ever so much nicer one.' Then he took me in the garden, and told me such a *splendid* story! I like Willie. And you promised to have him, Sue; you know you did. And I think it's *real mean* for you to turn him off, just 'cause he haint got so much money!"

The little creature had become so earnest in her defence of her absent friend that she had not noticed the entrance of her mother, a stout, portly-looking lady.

"Promised to have who?" she said, looking from one to the other. "What on earth is the child talking about?"

"She promised to have Willie Earle, mamma, Susan did. And now she's going to marry that cross, snuffy, huffy, musty, fusty old Akers!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Milberry, raising both hands and eyes. "I should really like to know where you learned such language, Miss. Leave the room until you can talk and behave as you ought."

Here one of the servants thrust his head into the door, saying:

"I beg you're pardon, ma'am, but Mr. Earle is in the back parlor. I did as you bid me, but he *would* come in; and says he won't go till he's seen you or Miss Susan. I went up stairs to find you, but——"

"That will do, John," interrupted Mrs. Milberry, impatiently, her face flushing as she noticed that the door was ajar between the two parlors, and that her unwelcome visitor must have heard all they had been saying.

"You had better go to your room, my dear," she said, in a low voice, to her daughter as she passed her, giving her a significant look.

"There is no mistake about the letter, none at all, Mr. Earle," said Mrs. Milberry, in a cold, measured tone, at striking variance with the hurricane words and excited manner of the young man, whose eyes were fixed appealingly upon her face. "I did not see it, but presume from what I have heard my daughter say, that it is a faithful transcript of her feelings. Though I consented to your engagement, I have never felt that it was such an alliance as General Milberry's daughter has a right to expect; and that Susan has come round to my opinion is creditable to her good sense."

"Madame, your daughter is, or was, my promised wife; I claim the right of an interview in order that I may know from her own lips if this is her unbiassed decision."

"Certainly. If Mr. Earle insists on an interview that will be as useless as unpleasant, it is his. That is, if my daughter is willing to accord it. John," addressing the servant who answered her summons, "tell Miss Milberry that Mr. Earle is here and wishes to see her."

The moments that intervened seemed like ages to the heart to which this was the last resource.

Then the door again swung noiselessly upon its hinges, bringing with it the clearly enunciated words:

"Miss Milberry is not at home to Mr. Earle."

"I trust that you are now satisfied," said Mrs. Milberry, rising from her seat. "I beg that you will excuse me, as I have an engagement at this hour that cannot be deferred."

Like one in a dream Mr. Earle listened to the rustle of the trailing robes across the carpet, and the closing of the door. Strong man as he was, his brain reeled beneath the suddenness of the blow that crushed the fond hopes of many pleasant months; and, clasping his hands over his eyes, he sat motionless, trying to master the momentary weakness that had overpowered him.

The heaving curtains suddenly parted, and little Florence stole out from the snug retreat where she had ensconced herself during this interview. The large, wistful blue eyes were turned with a look of tender compassion upon that bowed head.

Stealing noiselessly to his side, she laid her hand upon his knee.

"I'm *so* sorry, Willie."

As this did not seem to have the desired effect, she clambered into his lap.

"*I* love you, Willie," she said, laying her cheek softly to his.

This was too much.

"My little comforter!" he said, putting his arms around her as he spoke. "My brave defender! your love is very, *very* precious to me; and yet, oh! child, you cannot know how this wrings my heart!"

"I wouldn't mind it one bit. *I'll* be your wife when I get big enough."

"What will little Eddie Parsons do?" said Mr. Earle, smiling.

Florence shrugged her white, dimpled shoulders with true feminine disdain.

"I don't care for Eddie Parsons; but I love *you*, oh so dearly!"

Mr. Earle drew the little head down upon his shoulder, smoothing softly the rippling hair from the snowy temples; and as he looked upon the sweet, innocent face, all aglow with the tenderness of her fresh and guileless nature, a "great calm" fell upon his perturbed spirit.

"I am going away to-morrow, to be gone a long time; what is my little betrothed going to give me to remember her by?"

Florence lifted up her head, pursing up her lips and brows with an air intensely reflective.

"I'll give you the prettiest thing I have. There's my doll, that will open and shut its eyes, and cry like a real baby; but of course you don't care for dolls. But you can have my box of puzzles, or my album, or——"

"I think I will take some of this," interrupted Mr. Earle, lifting up a tress of the bright wavy hair.

Florence brought him the scissors from her mother's work-box, and held her head very still while he severed a lock from it where he thought its loss would be least noticed.

"Now you must give me one of your pretty curls," she said, taking the scissors from his hand.

With a grave look on her little face, Florence clipped off from the head that he bent down to her one of the jetty rings of hair that were the object of her childish admiration, and wrapping it in a bit of paper, tucked it into her pinafore, Mr. Earle watching her in the meantime with a half-sad, half-amused smile upon his lips.

The little lady refused to eat any supper that night, much to the surprise of nurse, who never knew such a thing to happen before—replying to the anxious inquiries that were put to her by such a doleful look, followed by a succession of deep-drawn sighs, as to turn that worthy individual's astonishment into alarm. Much to the secret indignation of her charge, it was ascribed to an ailment for which, to use her own words, "a hot dish of peppermint tea was the sovereignest remedy in the world," and it was prepared accordingly. But this Florence disdainfully refused to touch, insisting on sobbing herself to sleep in her little crib, after the most approved manner of modern heroines.

As for Mr. Earle, all the mementoes of the fair, false face that had so deceived and betrayed him were crushed out of his sight and remembrance; but that little shining tress he carried with him in all his subsequent wanderings. And many times, amid all the busy changes of his busy life, did there rise up before him the sweet face that was laid so lovingly to his, the soft blue eyes that had looked so tenderly and pityingly into his own.

* * *

"Dear me! how you *have* grown! and how brown and shaggy you are! I *do* declare I never should have known you!" exclaimed Mrs. Eaton, Mr. Earle's half-sister, all in one breath, as she gazed, in mingled delight and astonishment, at the newly-arrived traveller.

Mr. Earle smiled.

"Yes; ten years' exposure to wind and weather, in all my wanderings by land and sea, would be likely to leave me rather black and rough-looking."

"I *do* hope, Will., that you have now had enough of tramping about the world, and will be content to settle down among your friends, where you can live in a civilized manner. And, to make sure of this, I am going to look you up a wife."

Mr. Earle smiled again, but rather more gravely.

"What young lady friend was that that I passed in the hall as I came in?"

"A young lady friend?"

"Yes; she was attired in deep mourning. Her face looked strangely familiar."

"It must have been Miss Milberry, Jennie's governess. You used to know the Milberrys, I believe; though Florence must have been a child when you went away."

"Is it possible that Florence Milberry is a governess? I thought her father was considered to be one of the wealthiest men in the place?"

"And so he was, but he lost all his property in some unlucky speculation, and then killed himself; and his wife did not long survive him."

"But I thought her sister Susan married a wealthy man—could she not have a home with her?"

"I believe Florence did stay there a few weeks after her mother's death. But she never liked her brother-in-law. She is high-spirited, and declared that she would sooner go out as governess than be in any way dependent upon him. Very foolish of her! for, though Squire Akers, by all accounts, is not a very agreeable person to live with, he moves in the first circles; and, as Florence is really very pretty,—or would be, rather, if she dressed like other girls, and did not wear such a grave, sober look,—if she had stayed there she might have got well established. But that now is, of course, out of the question."

"Poor child!" was Mr. Earle's involuntary ejaculation.

Low as it was it caught Mrs. Eaton's ear, who looked rather sharply at her brother, as she said:

"Yes, she *is* to be pitied, or rather would be, if she were not so headstrong. I understand she had two or three unexceptionable offers—indeed far beyond what a girl with no dowry had a right to expect; but she rejected them, for some foolish scruple or other."

Mr. Earle replied by a half smile and sigh; for he was too well acquainted with his gay, worldly-minded sister to waste time in discussing points upon which they differed so widely.

Mrs. Eaton, who had her own plans for her brother, had invited a young friend to spend a few weeks with her; and she arrived the next day, together with the trunks, bandboxes, etc., usual on such occasions.

At a hint from his sister that it would be expected of him, Mr. Earle went to the depot to meet her; and he could not help acknowledging that Anna Denning was a fine-looking girl, though he was not long in discovering the shallowness and insincerity of her character.

He was too familiar with his sister's habits and ways of thinking to expect to meet Florence either in the dining or drawing-room; still he was sanguine as to being able to renew this acquaintance through the instrumentality of his little niece Jennie, who evinced a great deal of fondness for her newly-found uncle, and soon succeeded.

The color in Florence's cheeks, which of late had grown very faint, deepened as he accosted her; but otherwise her quiet, reserved manner led him to infer that both he and the childish affection she had evinced for him had passed from her remembrance.

"You do not remember me?" he said, regretfully. "And yet I ought not to have expected it. Ten years must have greatly changed me. And *you*——"

Here the admiring glance that rested upon her countenance told more plainly than the most eloquent speech how much the loveliness of the maiden had exceeded that of the child.

But it was quite lost upon Florence, whose eyes were fixed steadily upon the rose in her hand.

"I remember you, Mr. Earle, and all your kindness to me when a child; but I remember, too, how greatly my circumstances have changed since then, and which you seem to have forgotten. Anything like intimacy between us now could not fail to be misconstrued, and would result in making my position here a very painful one."

"But, Miss Florence——"

"I do declare! Will., what *are* you thinking of?" exclaimed Mrs. Eaton, stepping out upon the portico. "If you are not the most forgetful of mortals! You made an engagement last evening to ride with Miss Denning, right after breakfast, and the horses have been standing at the door this half hour?"

Vexed as Mr. Earle was at this interruption, he was too conscience-smitten at his forgetfulness not to do all in his power to atone for it. But Miss Denning received his apologies very coldly, and her displeasure was heightened by his evident pre-occupation of mind during their ride. It was something that the spoiled and petted beauty was unaccustomed to receive from those whom she favored with her smiles; and she had certainly lavished them very freely upon her unconscious and ungrateful companion.

After this, Mrs. Eaton, who was quite a feminine diplomatist, in her circumscribed sphere, contrived that her brother should be thrown a great deal into Miss Denning's society. She planned boatings, rides, pic-nics, &c., &c., and, as Mr. Earle naturally attended his sister's guest, it gave color to the idea conveyed by her frequent hints to her large circle of acquaintances, and of which her brother was in total ignorance.

He made various attempts to obtain a second interview with Florence; but, though he had occasional glimpses of her, she seemed studiously to avoid having any conversation with him, and if Mrs. Eaton did not do her best to second her endeavors, her appearances were very much against her.

Mr. Earle was not so unconscious of all this as he seemed to be. He had a strong will of his own, though a quiet way of asserting it; and patiently bided his time.

One evening, he returned from out of town quite unexpectedly. Mrs. Eaton and Miss Denning were both out; but Jennie, who was sitting with her governess in the back parlor, hearing her uncle's voice in the hall, pounced out, and capturing him, escorted him in triumph, a by no means unwilling captive, into the room.

Florence was sitting by the drop-light, sewing. She arose from her seat as Mr. Earle entered, as if meditating a retreat; but upon Mr. Earle declaring, that as he was the intruder, he should leave the room, unless she resumed her seat, she did so, though with evident reluctance.

"Now for a story, uncle Will," said Jennie, as, after carefully depositing her uncle upon the sofa, she took a seat on his knee. "And let it be a true one; something that you used to do when you was a little boy."

"That is too far back. But I will tell you something that happened to me when I was a big boy, almost as big as I am now. Once upon a time, ten long years ago, I used to know a sweet little girl, just about your age."

"What was her name?"

"Her name? Let me see; her name was Florence."

"Why that is Miss Milberry's name," said Jennie, in a tone of surprise. "But go on. Was the little girl pretty and good?"

"She was very pretty and very good. I loved her very dearly, and she was very fond of me. I used to take her on my knee and tell her stories, very much as I do you. She called me brother Willie; for I then expected to marry her sister, and that would have made me her brother, you know."

"Was the little girl's sister pretty and good too?"

"She was very pretty, and no worse than a good many other people. But she liked a fine house and beautiful dresses, which I could not give her, for I was poor then; so, when a man came that could, she said that she would rather marry him than me. Of course, I felt very badly. Now what do you think that little Florence, the dear child that I loved so, said to comfort me?"

"I don't know. What *did* she say, uncle?"

"She put her arms around my neck and laid her cheek close to mine, saying: '*I* love you, Willie; when I'm big enough, *I'll* be your wife.'"

"O my!" exclaimed Jennie; "wasn't that cunning? What a nice story! Go on, uncle."

"There isn't a great deal more to tell. She gave me one of her long curls and I gave her one of my short ones. The next day I sailed across the water, and though I went almost over the whole world, I kept that little tress of hair, and never once forgot the little girl that gave it to me. When I came back she had grown to be a beautiful young lady; and when I saw her, I loved her more than ever. Now what do you suppose she would say, if I reminded her of her promise? Would she say: '*I* love you, Willie; now that I'm big enough, *I'll* be your wife?'"

"Of *course* she would, uncle," said Jennie, nodding her head with a positive air.

Mr. Earle glanced over to where Florence was sitting. Her head was bent over her work, but he could see that her cheeks were as bright as the crimson jacket she was embroidering.

"I think I will ask her," he said, putting Jennie off his knee, and taking a seat by Florence's side.

"Is that your answer, Florence?" he whispered.

"I—I thought you was going to marry Miss Denning," she faltered, making a faint effort to release the hand he had taken.

"I am going to marry the little lady who gave me this," said Mr. Earle, laying on her lap the identical curl she had given him ten years before. "That is, if she will have me."

A few moment's after, Jennie hearing her mother's carriage, ran out into the hall to meet her. She had a wonderful, but rather confused story to tell, ending with: "And then, uncle Will. kissed Miss Milberry, and Miss Milberry laid her head upon his shoulder, and cried; and then uncle Will. kissed her again!" All of which was quite intelligible to Mrs. Eaton; who, after the first vexation was over, wisely determined to make the best of what she couldn't help. She consoled herself by the reflection, "that the Milberry's were of good family and highly connected;" so when her brother introduced her, the next morning, to his future wife, and her sister, she agreeably surprised them both by kissing Florence, and declaring, "that she was really quite delighted!" and which was probably about as sincere as such declarations usually are.

As for Jennie, she often teases her uncle into telling the story he told on that memorable evening; declaring it "to be the best of all uncle Will.'s stories."

◆

—To seek to soothe a ruffian by reason, is to attempt to bind a buffalo with a garland of flowers.

BUT THEE.

BY CALEB DUNN.

Watching the shadows come and go,
Watching the constant sea-waves flow,
Watching the faithful star-lights glow—
I see but thee.

List'ning to winds that softly sing,
List'ning to Hope's gay carolling,
List'ning to Memory's bells that ring—
I hear but thee.

Speaking of all that 's good and pure,
Speaking of love that shall endure,
Speaking of joy from blight secure—
I speak of thee.

Praising the deed that can but bless,
Praising the words of tenderness,
Praising the smile that soothes distress—
I praise but thee.

Kissing the loveliest flower that grows,
Kissing the brightest dew that glows,
Kissing the sweet heart of the rose—
I kiss but thee.

Loving the fairest form I meet,
Loving the troth fond lips repeat,
Loving all things divine or sweet—
I love but thee.

MAD IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Everything goes wrong," said Mr. Tripler, laying down his knife and fork with the face of a martyr.

There are some people in the world with whom "everything" seems chronically to go wrong—there are some whose first infantine wail is uttered in the minor key, and who go on lamenting through life; and of this much-abused class Mr. Nathan Tripler was a burning and a shining light.

"What's the matter, dear?" questioned Mrs. Tripler, who sat opposite her husband with a round-eyed baby on her knee, and two or three little ones clamoring for their share of the matutinal meal on either side of her. Mrs. Tripler was a trim, neatly-made little woman, with blue eyes and flaxen hair—a woman who might have been pretty, could she have divested herself of a certain frightened, apprehensive look that came over her face whenever her liege lord spoke or looked towards her. Not that Dorothy Tripler was actually afraid—her husband had never either beaten her or used coercive measures, but when a man begins to find fault, a woman never is easy in her mind lest some domestic screw should be waxing loose.

"I can't eat a mouthful, Dorothy," croaked Mr. Tripler, dolefully. "Such cooking! and such food! You may as well turn that new cook of yours into the street at once."

"But, Nathan, I—I'm very sorry, but I cooked the breakfast myself, dear, this morning. Isn't it nice?"

"Nice? Yes—very nice for those who can digest leather and drink dishwater!"

"The biscuits are fresh and hot, Nathan."

"I don't want to be poisoned with hot bread."

"And I thought the steak was unusually tender."

No reply. Mr. Tripler had folded his arms and was gazing with an expression of abstracted despair at the ceiling.

"Will you have another cup of coffee?" timidly questioned his wife.

"Coffee? Is that coffee? Really I thought it was hot water that had got into the urn by mistake!"

"I will order some fresh made," said Mrs. Tripler, with her hand on the bell-rope.

"You will do no such thing, ma'am, if you please," said Mr. Tripler, shortly. "My appetite is completely destroyed."

"Will you have an egg boiled?"

"No."

"There's some very nice ham in the pantry."

"I dare say—there always is when I don't want it."

"I am very sorry, Nathan," said poor little Mrs. Tripler, despairingly.

Yes, she *was* sorry, this faithful, much enduring wife; nor did the frequent repetition of this domestic storm at all abate her penitence and sense of guilt. Some women would have got accustomed to the daily disturbance and thrown it off as a robin casts the dew-drops from her wing. Not so Dorothy Tripler. She was too sensitive, too conscientious, too delicately organized to laugh off her troubles as some surface-deep characters would have done. So when her husband had departed, still grumbling under his breath, as he slammed the door, she leaned her throbbing head upon one weary little hand and murmured softly to herself:

"Oh, I wish Nathan was different!"

Then, as if she had uttered high treason, she started to her feet, checking the sensation of repining, and began industriously to prepare the three apple-cheeked, tow-headed little Triplers for school.

"It's Monday morning and Nathan don't like them to be too late," thought the meek-spirited wife.

Meanwhile Mr. Tripler was slowly walking down the path through the wild and solitary glen that led to the road where, twice a day, the Lendville stage rolled by, conveying passengers to the train at Martin's Station. It was cheaper to live in the country, and so Mr. Tripler lived there, although, as far as actual tastes went, he didn't know a buttercup from a burdock.

As Nathan trudged along, thinking how best to get rid of some troublesome shares of railway stock that were sinking uncomfortably on his hands, he suddenly became conscious of the presence of a man, stout and middle-aged, with a head as smooth and shining as a billiard ball, who was sitting on a boulder of moss-grown stone just where the pathway merged into the Lendville road.

"Good morning, sir," said the stranger. "Have a seat?"

Mr. Tripler had no very strong social elements in his nature, so he stiffly inclined his head and kept on his way. But the first he knew two iron grasps were on his shoulder, he felt himself twirled suddenly round, like a human humming top, and seated with more force than was exactly agreeable on the boulder.

"What do you mean—— ?"

"Dear me!" suddenly interrupted this uncomfortable companion, "what a very nice hat you have. Now what do you say to exchanging hats? Mine is a very nice straw, but I find it's somehow heating to the brain."

"You are quite welcome, sir," faltered the tremulous Nathan, speaking all the more rapidly in that the freakish maniac had already deftly effected the change.

"And your coat, too—nice cool linen. Upon my word, now, that coat is infinitely preferable to this swallow-tailed concern of mine, with the brass buttons. Yes—it fits me very nicely. I hope you don't object, sir, to the accommodation?"

"N—no!" faltered Mr. Tripler.

"Well, good morning," said the stranger, looking round with a bewildered air. "I really don't see where my chief orderly is—I told him to be here precisely at nine o'clock—and everything will be in confusion if I don't attend to it personally."

He plunged into the green, dense fastnesses of the woods, talking restlessly to himself as he went, and Mr. Nathan Tripler was left *solus* in a coarse straw hat and a coat of coarse blue cloth, garnished with huge metal buttons, whose brilliance was considerably tarnished.

"Dear me, what a figure I cut," groaned Mr. Tripler, eyeing himself with disgust. "I must go directly home and get on something decent. A man would be hooted through the streets of New York if he ventured to make his appearance in such a costume as this!"

He rose, brushed away the chill drops of perspiration from his forehead, and was just replacing the crimson silk pocket-handkerchief in its resting-place when he was suddenly grasped from behind and thrown skilfully upon the ground.

"Well, we've cotch you at last, my hearty," said a burly man who stood over him, while another had bound his hands and feet together before he could find words or breath to remonstrate. "You thought you was goin' to give us the slip, hey? Come—it isn't worth while to cut up like that, you know, unless you want the straight-jacket brought out."

"Strait-jacket!" gasped Tripler, "what do I want of a strait-jacket?"

"Nothing; unless you behave yourself unruly like. Steady, then! Tom, bring up the wagon."

"Where are you taking me to?" remonstrated our hero, as he was tumbled into a one-horse wagon.

"To the asylum to be sure, where you'd have been two hours ago if you hadn't been a little too spry for the stage-driver and your keeper."

Light began to dawn on the troubled chaos of Mr. Tripler's much bewildered mind.

"It's all a mistake, my good fellows—a ridiculous mistake," he exclaimed. "*I* am not a mad man!"

"No, of course not; we know you're not," responded the larger of the two, with a wink at his companion,—"Drive on, Tom!"

"But I am not, indeed; you are mistaking me for somebody else—a man who just forced me to exchange hats and coats with him, and went down into the woods—*he* is the madman!"

"Oh, no—I guess not," said the big keeper, with a fearful attempt at pleasant irony.

"My good men, you are laboring under some very singular delusion," remonstrated the victim, trying to speak plainly between the jolting of the wagon and his own excitement. "I am Mr. Nathan Tripler, of No. —, John street."

"Oh, yes," said the keeper, lighting a cigar, "yesterday you was Napoleon Bonaparte, and to-day you're Nathan Tripler, and to-morrow,—likely as not,—you'll be the king of the Sandwich Islands. I've heerd this kind o' talk afore."

Tripler's heart began to stand still with undefined horror. Was this a hideous dream? or was he to be actually immured within the high stone-walls of the asylum he had so often walked past with a feeling of dread and horror beyond all description, the life-long victim of some scarce credible mistake? In vain he reasoned, argued, protested; his words fell on the unheeding ears of his two conductors like drops of rain pattering on the stony surface of Table Rock, until at length he was carried—more dead than alive—into a narrow apartment at the end of a long row of similar ones. It was lighted and ventilated by an iron grating in the door, with a corresponding window high up on the wall, and furnished with only a narrow couch and a stand built into the wall; and there, Mr. Nathan Tripler, released from his confining bonds, was left to enjoy the uninterrupted society of his own cheerless meditations.

"It can't be possible! I must be asleep and dreaming!" thought Nathan.

But it *was* possible, and he never was wider awake in his life!

Towards evening, a pitcher of water and a piece of bread were dealt out to him. Mr. Tripler ate it under a sort of mental protest, to relieve the gnawing sensation of faintness that was at his vitals.

"What would I give for one of Dorothy's hot biscuits," thought the wretched captive. "My poor little Dorothy! I have been too hard upon her. Suppose—just suppose I should die without being able to tell her how ashamed I am of having been such a brute!"

It was not the dry bread that choked Nathan Tripler just then—it was the humiliating sense of his own sins and shortcomings.

Next morning it was bread and water again. Nathan thought of Dorothy's despised coffee and grumbled-at-steak.

"I've deserved it," thought Nathan, "there's no mistake about that. Poor darling little Dorothy! how her heart is aching for me now. I wish I could stroke down her hair just once. Oh, it *is* hard to be treated so, even though I know I'm served exactly right. If I ever get out of this hole alive, Dorothy will find me an altered man."

The confused current of thoughts was just eddying vaguely through his mind when there was a sound of steps and voices in the long corridor without.

"I suppose they're going to put on a strait-waistcoat now," thought Mr. Tripler, with a resigned air. "Well, there's nothing left for me but to endure. I don't *think* I'm mad; but how long I shall hold out sane under this interesting concatenation of circumstances is rather a doubtful question."

But Mr. Tripler was mistaken about the strait-waistcoat—it was his keeper instead, accompanied by two or three gentlemen—all profuse in apologies and sympathetic ejaculations.

"Such a mistake!" said one old gentleman, with a bald head.

"So awkward for you, my dear sir!" said another, middle-aged gentleman, with a Roman nose.

"But entirely unintentional, I assure you, sir," chimed in a third.

While Mr. Tripler looked vaguely from one to another.

"Then I'm not mad, it seems?" he demanded.

"Not a particle, sir!" cried the three committee men in chorus.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tripler, "I'm glad to hear it!"

Then the Committee proceeded to inform their involuntary guest how the mistake had happened by which his identity had been confounded with that of his mysterious acquaintance of the woods.

"We are very sorry," said the first Committee-man, shaking Mr. Tripler's hand as if it had been the Town Pump.

"So am I," said Mr. Tripler, laconically.

"Here is your hat and coat, sir," said the second Committee-man. "We had great difficulty in getting them away from our poor friend in the Incurable Ward, who fancied they were the last dying bequest of President Lincoln."

"And anything we could do to make any atonement for the awkward mistake would be a pleasure," said the third. While the keeper eyed Mr. Tripler dubiously, as if not altogether certain but that he was a little mad after all.

When Mr. Nathan Tripler reached his home, all was the wildest grief and confusion there. Dorothy had had the woods searched, the river dragged, and the whole vicinage ransacked, and was now in hysterics in the nursery. Nathan walked straight in, and put both arms round her.

"Here I am, Dottie! Don't cry any more."

But Mrs. Tripler cried more than ever.

"It's only a dream," she sobbed. "Nathan is dead."

"No, I'm not dead," said Mr. Tripler, with a grim sense of humor, "only I've been mad."

And quieting his wife's sobs after awhile, he told her all his adventures.

"And now is dinner ready?" he asked, "for I'm as hungry as a bear."

"I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat, Nathan, dear," wailed his wife.

"I don't care if it's nothing but dry bread and molasses, Dottie," said the husband. "I can tell you that Asylum took some of the nonsense out of me. I shall never grumble again, don't be afraid."

And Dorothy brightened up. It was the first time he had called her "Dottie," or spoken so tenderly, since their honeymoon was in its crescent glow.

He adhered to his good resolutions—he never *did* grumble again. The Asylum had done him genuine good!

CARINE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

It was during the dark days of the war—days that were often doubly dark to us down in the valley—that we first knew Carine. We lived very quiet, secluded lives, neither mingling much with the world, nor knowing much of the great events that were agitating it.

We had been wakened from our lethargy when the tidings of war reached us. My Uncle Leonard had long been a resident of cities. He had the city appetite for the dish of daily news, and the friends he had known in his urban life still remembered his tastes and supplied him with quantities of daily newspapers, and all the new publications of the periodical press.

As Uncle Leonard had lived with us since the failure of his health, and the downfall of all the ambitious hopes of his earlier years had driven him to the welcome shelter of the humble birth-place he had once despised, we had the privilege of reading these, and (sad privilege, mayhap,) of learning directly, and earlier than our neighbors, all the interests and movements of that intense and active existence that throbbed and bustled beyond that happy valley.

Thus it happened that our house was the depôt for news in those early, exciting days. Uncle Leonard was chained to bed or chair, lying or sitting wherever he was placed, for he was so paralyzed as to be incapable of much motion. But his tongue was not bound, and it did his country good service at that time. In consequence, our house was thronged constantly, and a hundred substitutes, at the very least, went to perform the duty he would willingly—nay, gladly have done; all impelled, animated, nerved for the effort by the living, burning words that flowed from his lips.

"God forbid that I should be silent," he said, "for speech is all which I am still capable of giving to my country."

It so chanced, then, that our house, the quiet valley farm-house, suddenly became noted in that region—not only as the news centre, but as the very heart of the district, which ever throbbed responsive to every movement in that outside world to which so many of the bravest and best of our lads, and even elders, had gone.

We had all resolved, from the very first, to do what we could, and all we could, in the great cause. My father was too old for military duty. His work was evidently to till his acres and keep his home fires burning. But my three brothers—the strong, brave man of thirty, the boy whose smooth cheek had been bronzed by twenty summers, the stripling of sixteen, had all rallied beneath the banner of their country. My mother and I grudged not our toil in many an unaccustomed form, and father did not shrink from efforts we often feared were too great for his waning strength. We were busy and anxious, and each making all the sacrifices in our power.

Our house was the place of meeting for the sewing societies. Hither they flocked, often several times weekly, to "sew for the soldiers." Here came the stores of jellies, cordials, dried fruits, linen, clothing, hospital comforts of all kinds, which poured in, a constant, never-failing stream. Here was the great ground floor room, where we sewed and knit, and packed and prepared, and whence nearly all the boxes were sent. Uncle Leonard said it was a hive of industry; and the sight of the willing, cheerful giving and doing of all, even of some who had hitherto not been signalized by such a disposition, was gladdening to behold.

But I am forgetting Carine, and she, by no means, should be forgotten.

One night—it was at the close of the second year of the war—I was busied in the large room until a very late hour. News had just reached us of one of the heaviest battles of that terrible struggle. My brothers had been in it. They, perhaps, had not survived, or were captives, or wounded and maimed—were even then dying in cold, reeking hospital tents.

It was a season of awful anxiety, and scarcely a family in the entire community but waited in sickening suspense for tidings of its own who had stood before that awful fire. We were hastening to prepare the supplies which, on the early morrow, were to be sent forward, by a trusty agent, to the field. All our friends had returned home. I alone was still engaged in adding some finishing touches to the boxes, and in penning a few hasty lines to be given to my brothers, if they survived. I was alone, and all round me reigned an intense, unbroken silence.

But I was not surprised when I detected footsteps upon the frosted snow, that was rather strewn upon than covered the earth. Some anxious, belated friend, with another message or letter, or perhaps some late-remembered comfort, I thought, and scarcely raised my head. The footsteps approached, dainty, careful, creeping up the verandah, and pausing at the very window before which I sat. I could see the outline of a dark-robed form, and then a small pale face was pressed against the window. Just then I heard the whistle of the locomotive, and knew that the midnight train had passed our depôt.

I started, for sometimes wild, strange people came to invade our quiet solitudes, upon this train which left the city in the early evening. I glanced again at the face. It was small, as I have said, and pale—a woman's face, almost a child's, wild with terror and anxiety.

I did not move, and then a little hand, white and small, was raised, and timidly tapped the pane. I saw the glitter of a costly ring. I looked again. The face was innocent and appealing, the lips quivering, and the eyes imploring. I hesitated no longer, but took the lamp in my hand, and forthwith opened the door, which from this verandah entered the adjoining hall.

Only the timid shrinking figure entered, but I had time to get frightened and fear burglars, who, I had heard, came in many guises. But I locked the door behind my late guest, alone. I took her into the large room, and seated her by the warm, smouldering fire, on which I heaped fresh wood. And then I left her to herself, not knowing what I ought to say, and being hurried in finishing my letter. The messenger would soon arrive, and I had no time to spare.

Absorbed in my task, I almost forgot my guest, till a sob fell upon my ear. I turned toward her; but her head was buried in the thick folds of her veil, and she seemed to shun my gaze; but, apparently conscious of it, she addressed her first question to me:

"Have you heard from your brothers yet? They were in this battle?"

"Yes," I said, "they were. We have heard nothing since."

And then my own anxiety overpowered me, and my sobs mingled with hers. After a moment she faltered:

"Not heard? Oh, I thought to get word of Bertie here, surely."

And a storm of tears burst forth.

"Do you know him—do you know my brother Herbert?" I cried. "Tell me who you are."

No answer came, and I could not wait for it, for the rattle of wheels sounded from the descent of the opposite hill, and I knew the messenger had come. Soon I heard his step on the porch. I left my letter, and hastened to admit him.

When I came back, the strange little hand had written on my letter:

"I am *here*, Herbert, darling. Do you live? God bless you. CARINE."

And thus I learned her name.

Not another word passed between us that night. I hastily finished my letter. Strong arms placed the heavy boxes on the waiting wagon. The kindly, anxious messages were said by pale, trembling lips, and the messenger was gone.

Then I took Carine to her room, and left her unquestioned. And soon fitful slumbers were visiting my pillow.

"Wait till we hear from Herbert, and then I will tell you all," Carine whispered to me when I met her the next morning. "Tell your mother I know him."

And she said no more, though I could see that she watched the road, and seemed doomed by suspense and anxiety.

And so the day passed away, and the late train that arrived at nightfall brought us a letter. All were alive. Herbert was slightly wounded—"a slight scratch" dismissed his account of his injuries; but James, our darling boy, my mother's youngest and darling—what of him? "Desperately wounded; he will lose his leg, the doctors fear." This was our tidings of him. William had escaped unhurt.

"I wish I could go to them," I said, and my parents had no word of objection. The next day I started, laden with messages and comforts. Carine left a kiss upon my lips, which I knew was not intended for me alone, and I left her to comfort my mother.

By that time she had told me her story, and I knew that her allegiance to Herbert had cost her her home and her father's protection. She would remain with us, the child of my parents.

I can not, I need not tell the story of my journey, or of my hospital experiences. I brought home only the coffin that contained the remains of my dear merry brother, whom we had been wont to call the joy and light of our household.

I found Carine still with my parents and I was rejoiced to meet and welcome her as a sister, as I knew she truly would be, when Herbert came home. I had heard from him all the story she had yet withheld.

Herbert had spent the five years previous to the war in Richmond, where he had engaged in business. All he had seen and heard of Southern sentiment had but strengthened his love for his native country and its traditions, and in the early days, while escape was yet possible, he had come home to be elected captain of the company raised in his native valley.

In Richmond he had met and known Carine. When he clung to his country and its flag, she did not, for that, deny the love before confessed, but they parted with that love forbidden by a parent's ban. Her father had removed to the North, and settled in New York. He had professed to believe the contemplated marriage broken off, by his refusal to consent to it, and had attempted to compel his daughter to bestow her hand upon a needy compatriot of his own—a hand that was very valuable, since Carine was the heiress of the large fortune of her grandfather. She had temporised, but the tidings of Herbert's injury had sent all prudent hesitancy to the winds. That very night, under the cover of darkness, she left her home and came to us. I think if Herbert had been severely injured she could not have been prevented from going to him, but when his letter came, and she learned how slight were his injuries, maidenly modesty would not permit her uninvited to seek her lover's side.

I must not linger upon these sad, anxious days. We buried our brother, and waited, not knowing how soon we might be called to open his tomb and lay within it another as beloved.

The war news was fearfully exciting in those anxious days. They were days of slaughter, when thousands of young lives, and strong, brave older ones, were sacrifices to their country. "Have women nothing to do there?" I queried daily as I read the bulletins of battles and marches, of sieges and assaults. I knew they had, and at last I could be quiet no longer.

Carine joined me in every feeling, and we went together—the delicate, high-bred Southern lady, to whom dusky slaves had always ministered, and the toil-accustomed farmer's child—went to labor and suffer, to die, if it were necessary, for the cause to which the lives so dear to us were devoted.

Carine's services attracted more attention than mine, it was so strange to see a born enemy, the child of one who had forgotten his country and trampled on its claims, devoting herself with such sweet tenderness and devotion to the rough untaught sick and wounded men. She went to all alike. Her voice as well as her hand were devoted to her country's service, and she became the propagandist of the grand principles of loyalty among her own people while she ministered to their bodily sufferings.

There was no relaxation of her efforts while the war lasted. She scorned no service, and shrank from none. Her work was rich and varied, her reward the noblest consciousness of well-doing. I wish more could be given of her history, but she shrinks from every such endeavor. I think she feels no pride in aught she has done save her efforts in behalf of Herbert, and here a tender personal warmth had its own appropriate effect.

Herbert was desperately wounded, and left upon the field in one of the most desperately contested of the later battles. Carine had been on the field all day, and it was not till the out-wearied troops had retired far from the scenes of the deadliest conflict, that she learned he had been left amidst the ridges of the slain. It was there she groped half the night hours and found him. Uncertain if he yet survived, with the assistance of a soldier of his company who accompanied her, she bore him from the field, and in her tent through gloomy nights and days of danger she nursed him back to such health as could revisit his shattered frame.

This was her last act of service. Her own health succumbed, ere the struggle and toil were finished, and when the news of Lee's surrender set the country wild with joy she lay very ill, only her whispered "Bless God!" joining the quavering treble in which Herbert strove to shout his own cry of rejoicing.

She is well now, and Herbert as well as he ever will be. All his bright manly beauty is gone. His right sleeve hangs limp and empty by his side. His artificial foot but poorly supplies the one he lost. A hidden ball rankles in his lungs. His days will not be many, but they are very happy. I think Carine has no wish to survive him.

Only Willy is left to us well and strong. Our sacrifices have been many, but we dare not repine. "Our blessed country," Uncle Leonard says, "is worth them all and more."

Want of Independence.—A man should indeed be ashamed and afraid of what is really shameful, but to shrink under every reflection upon his character, though it implies an ingenuousness and delicacy of temper, has nothing in it of true greatness.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Marriage Certificate.—A soldier once waited upon his commanding officer, with what he termed a very serious complaint. "Another man," he said, "upbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many names besides, which he would be ashamed to mention to his honor." "Well, my good fellow," answered the officer, "have you any proof that you are legally married?" "Your honor, I have the best proof in the world." Here the soldier took off his hat, and exhibited a cut skull, saying, "Does your honor think I'd be after taking the same abuse from anybody but a wife?"

A physician once refused to take a fee for attending a friend during a dangerous illness. Upon his recovery, however, the patient presented the agreeable amount in a purse, saying, "Sir, in this purse I have put every day's fee; nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude." The doctor eyed the purse, counted the number of days, to a minute, and, holding out his hand, replied, "Well, I can hold out no longer—*singly*, I could have refused them for a twelvemonth, but *altogether* they are irresistible."

Appropriate Names.—In looking over an old directory, a curious gentleman found the following names, than which it would be difficult to imagine any more admirably adapted to the professions or trades of the persons by whom they were borne. *Dunn*, a tailor; *Giblett*, and *Bull*, butchers; *Truefit*, a wigmaker; *Cutmore*, an eating-house keeper; *Boilit*, a fishmonger; *Rackem*, an attorney; *Whippy*, a saddler; *Breadcut*, a baker; *Coldman*, an undertaker; *Wicks*, a tallow-chandler; and *Bringlow*, an apothecary.

A Rhetorical Lover.—"Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command I'd tear this eternal firmament into a thousand fragments—I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumbled from the regions of ethereal space and put them in my trowsers pockets; I'd pluck the sun—that oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky and quench its bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee!" Amelia—"Don't, Henry, it would be so very dark."

A Lover's Philosophy.—A love-smitten gentleman, after conversing awhile with his dulcinea on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with a declaration, and put the very emphatic question of—"Will you have me?" "I am sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give you pain; but I must answer—no." "Well, well, that will do, madam," said her philosophical lover, "and *now suppose we change the subject*."

An American physician, whose figure was much under the common size, while in England was one day accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with, "May I pass to my seat, O giant?" when the doctor, politely making way, replied, "Pass, O pigmy!" "Oh, sir," said the baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, sir," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."

The Wrong Word.—At a college symposium, one of the party happened to tumble down, when a boon companion roared out, "How came you to fall, Brown?" "Not-with-standing," hiccupped the prostrate, attempting to rise and begin a speech, which was marred by a hearty laugh at its first long and unpropitious word.

Dying Consolation.—"I shall die happy," said the expiring husband to the wife, who was weeping most dutifully by the bed-side, "if you will only promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin John." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow, "I am engaged to his brother."

The young man who sang, "I'm lonely since my mother died," isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his stepmother makes it lively enough for him.

"When is the best time to read the book of nature? When autumn *turns* the leaves."

A Dangerous Character.—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

A Man of Low Extraction.—A cheap dentist.

"Coolie Labor."—Fanning yourself.

The Universal Watchword.—Tick!

CURRENT ITEMS.

A Washington dispatch says Superintendent Head writes to the Indian Bureau from Great Salt Lake that Black Hawk had pledged himself to use all his influence to stop further depredations, to visit his own band at once, and stop all hostilities, and immediately thereafter to see the other hostile Utes and induce them to do likewise, and meet Mr. Head with his own Indians and the others on the Unita reservation within six or eight weeks.

A lady of Chicago named McCarty, who had been collecting the rent of her numerous tenants last Tuesday, was garrotted and robbed of about $4000 on the platform of a horse car which she was about to enter. It was one of the boldest pieces of villainy ever recorded, as the robbery was committed in a public street, in broad daylight, and the car was full of passengers.

At a festive board in Williamsburg, a couple of the guests got into an animated argument on the immortality of the soul, and waxing warmer and warmer, they at last become so enraged that they resorted to case-knives to finish the discussion, wherewith one was slightly cut on the cheek and the other on the hand. They were both taken to the station-house.

A clerk in a silk house in this city, who had contracted the habit of living beyond his means, was recently arrested for stealing goods from his employers to the amount of $1,500. He had been in the habit of taking them a piece at a time, and selling them at cost, to obtain money for his dissipations.

The captain of a Mississippi steamboat, being incensed at one of his firemen, attempted to beat his brains out with a stick of fire-wood; but the man's comrades making common cause with him, they held the captain up to the fire until he promised to behave himself; and then let him go, pretty well singed.

In Indiana a young man fell in love with a widow, and sought her hand in marriage. She refused the young man; whereupon he set her house on fire, to express his indignation, and it was burned to the ground. The young man has been arrested, and will probably be sent to the Penitentiary.

A brave old man of eighty years, named Wilson, who lived in Dodge county, Wis., was recently killed by a vicious bull which he attempted to discipline in the field, one morning. The old man was frightfully mangled, and all his clothing was torn from his body in the fearful struggle.

A shrewd villain in Nashua, on Thursday, walked deliberately up to a store window and broke in a pane of French glass, and when asked to pay for it as deliberately drew out a $100 bill, which the store-keeper took, giving him $70 in change. The bill proved to be counterfeit.

An unknown man was found suspended by the neck to a crane in a yard in South street on Wednesday morning of last week. He had evidently been dead several hours; but whether he had committed suicide or was murdered it was impossible to tell.

The old fire bell, which has been hanging on a frame for several years behind the City Hall, and which was recently "condemned" by the Fire Department, has been taken down. Its weight is twenty-three thousand three hundred and fifty pounds.

The mortality among children in New Orleans, occasioned by the yellow-fever, is represented as being really frightful. Some days one-third of the deaths from the fever are among children under ten years of age.

No less than five infants were found the other morning on different door-steps up-town. They were all handed over to the proper authorities as foundlings.

The Camanches are reported to be again on the war-path in western Texas, and are said to be doing great damage to life and property.

A suit for breach-of-promise, in Troy, was terminated by the marriage of the parties in court, at the request of the delinquent lover.

A man was killed in Litchfield county, Conn., a few days ago, by being caught between a couple of saw-logs, and crushed to death.

In Hudson City, N. J., a man was recently fined for using profane language, and another for working on the Sabbath.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. XI.

GETTING INTO BUSINESS.

Having been fairly driven to New York two or three years earlier than I deemed desirable, I was in like manner impelled to undertake the responsibilities of business while still in my twenty-second year. My friend Story, barely older than myself, but far better acquainted with city ways, having been for many years the only son of a poor widow, and accustomed to struggling with difficulties, had already conceived the idea of starting a printery, and offering me a partnership in the enterprise. His position in Wall street, on *The Spirit of the Times*, made him acquainted with Mr. S. J. Sylvester, then a leading broker and seller of lottery tickets, who issued a weekly "Bank-note Reporter," largely devoted to the advertising of his own business, and who offered my friend the job of printing that paper. Story was also intimate with Dr. W. Beach, who, in addition to his medical practice, dabbled considerably in ink, and at whose office my friend made the acquaintance of a young graduate, Dr. H. D. Shepard, who was understood to have money, and who was intent on bringing out a cheap daily paper, to be sold about the streets—then a novel idea—daily papers being presumed desirable only for mercantile men, and addressed exclusively to their wants and tastes. Dr. Shepard had won over my friend to a belief in the practicability of his project, and the latter visited me at my work and my lodging, urging me to unite with him in starting a printery on the strength of Mr. Sylvester's and Dr. Shepard's proffered work. I hesitated, having very little means—for I had sent a good part of my past year's scanty savings to aid my father in his struggle with the stubborn wilderness; but Story's enthusiastic confidence at length triumphed over my distrust; we formed a partnership, hired part of two rooms already devoted to printing, on the south-west corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, (opposite our city's present post-office,) spending our little all (less than $200) and stretching our credit to the utmost for the requisite materials. I tried Mr. James Conner, the extensive type-founder, in Ann street,—having a very slight acquaintance with him, formed in the course of frequent visits to his foundry in quest of "sorts," (type found deficient in the several offices for which I had worked at one time or another,)—but he, after hearing me patiently, decided not to credit me six months for the $40 worth of type I wanted of him; and he did right—my exhibit did not justify my request. I went directly thence to Mr. George Bruce, the older and wealthier founder, in Chambers street,—made the same exhibit, and was allowed by him the credit I asked; and that purchase has since secured to his concern the sale of not less than $50,000 worth of type. I think he must have noted something in my awkward, bashful ways that impelled him to take the risk; for my show of means did not justify my requirement of credit.

The Morning Post—Dr. Shepard's two-cent daily, (which he wished to sell for one cent)—was issued on the 1st of January, 1833. Nobody in New York reads much (except visiters' cards) on New Year's Day; and that one happened to be very cold, with the streets much obstructed by a fall of snow throughout the preceding night. Projectors of newspapers in those days, though expecting other people to advertise in their columns, did not comprehend that *they* also must advertise, or the public will never know that their bantling has been ushered into existence; and Dr. S. was too poor to give his sheet the requisite publicity, had he understood the matter. He was neither a writer nor a man of affairs; had no editors, no reporters worth naming, no correspondents, and no exchanges, even; he fancied that a paper would sell, if remarkable for cheapness, though remarkable also for the absence of every other desirable quality. He was said to have migrated, while a youth, from New Jersey to New York, with $1,500 in cash: if he did, his capital must have nearly all melted away before he had issued his first number. Though his enterprise involved no outlay of capital by him, and his weekly outgoes were less than $200, he was able to meet them for a single week only, while his journal obtained a circulation of but two or three hundred copies. Finally, he reduced the price to one cent; but the public would not buy it, even at that; and we printers, already considerably in debt for materials, were utterly unable to go on beyond the second or third week after the publisher had stopped paying. Thus the first cheap-for-cash daily in New York—perhaps in the world—died when scarcely yet a month old; and we printers were hard aground on a lee shore, with little prospect of getting off.

We were saved from sudden bankruptcy by the address of my partner, who had formed the acquaintance of a wealthy, eccentric Briton named Schols, who had a taste for editorial life, and who was somehow induced to buy the wreck of *The Morning Post*, remove it to an office of his own, and employ Story as foreman. He soon tired of his thriftless, profitless speculation, and threw it up; but we had meantime surmounted our embarrassments by the help of the little money he paid for a portion of our materials and for my partner's services. Meantime, the managers of the New York Lotteries, then regularly drawn under State auspices, had allowed a portion of their letter-press printing to follow Mr. Sylvester's into our concern, and were paying us very fairly for it; I doing most of the composition. For two or three months after Dr. Shepard's collapse, I was frequently sent for to work as a substitute in the composing-room of *The Commercial Advertiser*, not far from our shop; and I was at length offered a regular situation there; but our business had by this time so improved that I was constrained to decline. Working early and late, and looking sharply on every side for jobs, we were beginning to make decided headway, when my partner was drowned (July 9th, 1833) while bathing in the East River near his mother's residence in Brooklyn, and I bitterly mourned the loss of my nearest and dearest friend. His place in the concern was promptly taken by another young printer, a friend of the bereaved family, Mr. Jonas Winchester, who soon married Story's oldest sister; and we thus went on, with moderate but steady prosperity, until the ensuing Spring, when we issued, (March 22nd, 1834,) without premonitory sound of trumpet, THE NEW-YORKER, a large, fair and cheap weekly folio, (afterward changed to a double quarto,) devoted mainly to current literature, but giving regularly a digest of all important news, including a careful exhibit and summary of election returns and other political intelligence. I edited and made up this paper, while my partner took charge of our more profitable jobbing business.

The New-Yorker was issued under my supervision, its editorials written, its selections made, for the most part, by me, for seven years and a half from the date first given. Though not calculated to enlist partisanship or excite enthusiasm, it was at length extensively liked and read. It began with scarcely a dozen subscribers; these steadily increased to nine thousand; and it might, under better business management, (perhaps I should add, at a more favorable time,) have proved profitable and permanent. That it did not, was mainly owing to these circumstances: 1. It was not extensively advertised at the start, and at least annually thereafter, as it should have been; 2. It was never really published, though it had half a dozen nominal publishers in succession; 3. It was sent to subscribers on credit, and a large share of them never paid for it and never will, while the cost of collection from others ate up the proceeds; 4. The machinery of news companies, news offices, expresses, &c., whereby literary periodicals are now mainly disseminated, did not then exist. I believe that just such a paper, issued to-day, properly published and advertised, would obtain a circulation of one hundred thousand in less time than was required to give *The New-Yorker* less than a tithe of that aggregate, and would make money for its owners, instead of nearly starving them, as mine did. I was worth at least $1,500 when it was started; I worked hard and lived frugally throughout its existence; it subsisted for the first two years on the profits of our jobbing business; when I, deeming it established, dissolved with my partner, he taking the jobbing business and I *The New-Yorker*, which held its own pretty fairly thenceforth till the Commercial Revulsion of 1837 swept over the land, whelming it and me in the general ruin. I had married in 1836, (July 5th,) deeming myself worth $5,000, and the master of a business which would thenceforth yield me for my labor at least $1,000 per annum; but, instead of that, or any increase at all, I found myself obliged, throughout 1837, to confront a net loss of about $100 per week—my income averaging $100, and my inevitable expenses $200. It was in vain that I appealed to delinquents to pay up; many of them migrated; some died; others were so considerate as to order the paper stopped, but very few of these paid; and I struggled on against a steadily rising tide of adversity that might have appalled a stouter heart. Often did I call on this or that friend with intent to solicit a small loan to meet some demand that could no longer be postponed nor evaded, and, after wasting a precious hour, leave him, utterly unable to broach the loathsome topic. I have borrowed $500 of a broker late on Saturday, and paid him $5 for the use of it till Monday morning, when I somehow contrived to return it. Most gladly would I have terminated the struggle by a surrender; but, if I had failed to pay my notes continually falling due, I must have paid money for my weekly supply of paper—so that would have availed nothing. To have stopped my journal (for I could not give it away) would have left me in debt, beside my notes for paper, from fifty cents to two dollars each, to at least three thousand subscribers who had paid in advance; and that is the worst kind of bankruptcy. If any one would have taken my business and debts off my hands, upon my giving him my note for $2,000, I would have jumped at the chance, and tried to work out the debt by setting type, if nothing better offered. If it be suggested that my whole indebtedness was at no time more than $5,000 to $7,000, I have only to say that even $1,000 of debt is ruin to him who keenly feels his obligation to fulfil every engagement, yet is utterly without the means of so doing, and who finds himself dragged each week a little deeper into hopeless insolvency. To be hungry, ragged, and penniless, is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horror of bankruptcy. All the wealth of the Rothschilds would be a poor recompense for a five years' struggle, with the consciousness that you had taken the money or property of trusting friends—promising to return or pay for it when required, and had betrayed their confidence through insolvency.

I dwell on this point, for I would deter others from entering that place of torment. Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would "go into business"—that is, into debt—to-morrow, if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant "shinning," and who, from month to month, barely evades that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieve a pecuniary success. For my own part—and I speak from sad experience—I would rather be a convict in State prison, a slave in a rice-swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is—"Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar!" Of course, I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must often give notes and other obligations, and I do not consider him really in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying, at some little sacrifice, all he owes; I speak of *real* debt—that which involves risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other—and I say, From all such, let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore!

When at length I stopped *The New-Yorker*, (Sept. 20, 1841,) though poor enough, I provided for making good all I owed to its subscribers who had paid in advance, and shut up its books whereon were inscribed some $10,000 owed me in sums of $1 to $10 each by men to whose service I had faithfully devoted the best years of my life—years that, though full of labor and frugal care, might have been happy had they not been made wretched by those men's dishonesty. They took my journal, and probably read it; they promised to pay for it, and defaulted; leaving me to pay my paper-maker, type-founder, journeymen, &c., as I could. My only requital was a sorely achieved but wholesome lesson. I had been thoroughly burned out, only saving my books, in the great Ann-street fire (August 12th, 1835;) I was burned out again in February, 1845; and, while the destruction was complete and the insurance but partial, I had the poor consolation that the account-books of *The New-Yorker*—which I had never opened since I first laid them away, but which had been an eye-sore and a reminder of evil days whenever I stumbled upon them—were at length dissolved in smoke and flame and lost to sight forever.

BLAISE PASCAL.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Pascal, in his life of thirty-nine years, did three remarkable things: 1. He produced a book, "The Thoughts of Pascal," which, after existing two hundred years, is as highly, though not as generally, esteemed as it was when it was first published; 2. He invented the arithmetical calculating machine, since improved by Babbage; 3. He originated the omnibus system, which has become a feature of all cities. Few persons are aware, that when they ride in an omnibus they are enjoying the result of one of the "Thoughts of Pascal." It is as though Ralph Waldo Emerson should invent a patent nut-cracker; or as though Mr. Hoe should write a treatise upon the Evidences of Christianity. But when Heaven endows a man with an acute, ingenious mind, there is no telling what may not come from it.

Pascal, the only son of an able and distinguished lawyer, was born at Clermont, in France, in 1623. He had two sisters, who were women of singular beauty and intelligence, and the whole family—father, mother, son and daughters—were persons of eminent gifts of mind, heart and person. Nevertheless, so deeply sunk in superstition was the France of that day, that even this family, among the most able and enlightened of their time, did not escape it; but were a prey to the most preposterous beliefs.

When the boy was a year old, he was observed to resent, in the most violent manner, any caresses which his parents exchanged. Either of them might kiss *him* in welcome, but if they kissed one another, he cried, kicked, and made a terrible ado. He had also the peculiarity (not very rare among children) of making a great outcry whenever a basin of water was brought near him. "Every one," writes an inmate and relative of the family, "said the child was bewitched by an old woman who was in the habit of receiving alms from the house." For some time the father disregarded this explanation of the mystery, but, at length, he called the woman into his office and charged her with the crime of bewitching the child—a crime then punished with death upon the gallows or at the stake. She denied the accusation; but, when the father, assuming a severe countenance, threatened to inform against her unless she confessed, the terrified woman, as might have been expected, fell upon her knees, and said that if her life was spared she would tell all. She then avowed, that in revenge for his having refused to advocate her cause in a law-suit, she had laid his child under an infernal spell, and the devil, to whom she had sold herself, had engaged to kill it.

"What!" exclaimed the terror-stricken parent, "must my son die then?"

"No," said she, "there is a remedy. The sorcery can be transferred to another creature."

"Alas!" cried the father, "I would rather my son should die than that another should die for him."

"But the spell can be transferred to a beast," said she.

"I will give you a horse for the purpose," rejoined the father.

"No," replied the woman, "that will be too expensive; a cat will do."

So he gave her a cat. Taking the cat in her arms, she went down stairs, and met on the way two priests who were coming to console the family in their affliction. One of them said to her:

"So you are going to commit another sorcery with that cat."

Hearing these words, she threw the cat out of a window, and although the window was only six feet above the ground, the cat fell dead.

Here was another awful portent, which threw the family into new consternation. The father provided her with another cat, with which she went her way. What she did with the unfortunate animal does not appear, but she returned in the evening and said that at sunrise the next morning she must have a child seven years old, who must gather nine leaves of three kinds of herbs, which must be steeped and laid upon the child's stomach; all of which was done by seven the next morning, and the father, relieved in mind, went to court and plead his causes as usual. Returning home to dinner at noon, he found the whole house in tears gathered round the child, who lay in his cradle as if dead. Overwhelmed with grief and rage, he turned to leave the room, and meeting the "witch" upon the threshold, he gave her such a tremendous box upon the ear as to knock her down stairs. When she got up she stammered out:

"I see you are angry, sir, because you think your son is dead; but I forgot to tell you in the morning that he will appear dead until midnight. Leave him in his cradle till that hour, and he will come to life again."

The child lay without pulse or any sign of life, watched with agonizing solicitude by his parents, until twenty minutes to one, when he began to yawn, and was soon taking nourishment in the usual way. In a few days he recovered his health, and one morning when his father returned from mass, he was delighted to see the boy actually playing with the harmless fluid which he had formerly abhorred. Soon after, too, he would permit his parents to caress one another without showing any marks of displeasure.

All of this, reader, is related with the utmost fulness of detail, and with unquestionable sincerity, not by an ignorant person of ignorant persons, but by a highly educated lady of one of the most accomplished and learned families in France. Who will say the world has not advanced during the last two centuries?

This credulous and learned father, being released from the cares of business when the boy was eight years old, removed to Paris, and resolved to devote himself entirely to educating his son, who already exhibited all the usual signs of a superior understanding. His chief care was to keep the boy backward in his studies. His maxim was, that a pupil should be always beyond his work, not the work beyond the pupil. The immature mind, he thought, should never be required to struggle with a lesson, and should be set only such tasks as it can perform with moderate exertion and constant joy. He, therefore, let him begin Latin only in his twelfth year, and intended to confine him to that language until he had mastered it. Especially was he solicitous to prevent his becoming interested in mathematics, his own favorite study and one in which he excelled most men of his country. A kind of club of geometers met at the Pascal home every week, and there was continued conversation upon problems of geometry at the table in the evening. To thwart the awakened curiosity of his son, the father abstained from such conversation, locked up all the mathematical books, and endeavored in every way to keep the boy from so much as knowing what geometry was.

These precautions were unavailing. The inkling of knowledge which the lad could not but gather in such a house, so inflamed his desire for more, that he employed his leisure in contriving a system of geometry for himself, aided only by a piece of charcoal and some boards. His father coming into his room one day, found him so deeply absorbed in this pursuit that the boy heard nothing of his approach, but continued pouring over his triangles and circles until he was startled into consciousness by hearing his father ask:

"What are you doing, my son?"

Father and son were equally moved—the son to be detected in devouring forbidden fruit, the father to discover that this youth of thirteen had effected a demonstration of the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. Without knowing even the names of the figures, he had advanced so far. He called a circle a "round," and a line a "bar," but he understood the rudimental principles of the science. The father was so overcome with wonder and admiration that he rushed to the house of one of his mathematical friends, and, bursting into his room, stood unable to utter a word, while tears rolled down his cheeks. His friend, supposing some great calamity had happened, entreated him not to conceal the cause of his grief.

"It is not," said M. Pascal, "from grief but from joy that I shed tears."

He then related what he had discovered. His friend urged him to interpose no further obstacles to his son's learning mathematics, and the youth was at once provided with a Euclid and the requisite instruments. We are assured by one of Pascal's sisters that he demonstrated every proposition in Euclid without once asking assistance, and without once finding a difficulty. He was soon admitted to the evening meeting of the Geometers' club, where he distinguished himself both by solving and by originating interesting problems. He was but nineteen when, tired of performing endless multiplications, he invented the calculating machine, by which he could obtain the product of large factors by turning a handle.

Father and son still toiled together in the search for knowledge—the son being most interested in science, and pursuing his studies with such ardor and continuity as to permanently impair his health. He inherited all his father's credulity and timidity. In matters relating to religion he considered it wrong to inquire, and maintained it to be the duty of every one simply to *believe* without asking questions.

Until his thirtieth year, though always regular in his life and amiable in his manners, he was not more religious than the son of such parents would naturally be. At that period, however, an event occurred which led him to abandon his scientific pursuits and devote the rest of his existence to religious studies and exercises. As he was riding one day in Paris in a carriage drawn by four horses, the leading horses took fright, ran away, and, dashing upon a bridge, which was without railings, sprang into the water. Fortunately the traces broke, the carriage stopped on the very edge of the bridge, and no one was injured. Pascal, however, whose mind and body were worn and weakened by excessive study, was so completely terrified that for many months he fancied he saw an abyss yawning at his side, into which he was about to be precipitated. To break the illusion he would place a chair at that side of him; but it was long before he could lose the sense of imminent peril from this imaginary precipice. He was appalled, too, by the belief that if he had then lost his life his soul would have been eternally lost.

No more geometry; no more experiments in natural philosophy; no more studies in ancient literature; no more general society. Secluding himself from the world, he gave himself wholly up to the study of the Bible, and to the most austere mortification of his natural tastes and desires. He removed from his room all superfluous or luxurious articles, refused the assistance of servants, brought his own dinner from the kitchen, fasted frequently, partook only of the plainest fare, passed hours every day in prayer, and gave all the money he could spare to the poor. Around his waist, next his skin, he wore a girdle of iron, with points directed inward, and when he caught himself taking pleasure in anything not spiritual, or when any trifling or pleasant thought arose in his mind, he would press the points into his flesh with his elbow to recall himself to what he called his "duty." His two great rules were to indulge in nothing he could do without, and to enjoy no worldly pleasure. He considered it a sin to take pleasure in his food, and purposely avoided the viands in which he had formerly delighted. He took great pains not to taste what he ate. When his sister remonstrated against his giving away so much money to the poor, and told him he would have nothing left for his old age, he made a very apt reply:

"I have always remarked," said he, "that however poor a man may be, he always leaves something behind him when he dies."

It was his excessive alms-giving that led him to establish in Paris, in 1662, a system of public vehicles similar to that of our modern omnibusses. His estate was not large, and he often found himself unable to relieve the destitution that wrung his compassionate heart. He conceived, therefore, the plan of having lines of "*voitures*," running at regular intervals to and from fixed points, and carrying passengers at the uniform rate of five cents. The project being authorized by the king, Louis XIV., was carried into successful operation under the personal supervision of Pascal, who let the various lines for certain sums per annum, and gave all the proceeds to the poor. Such was the illustrious origin of omnibusses, which, after serving a useful purpose for two centuries, are now about to be superseded by horse-cars.

The few religious persons who frequented the society of Pascal were struck with the subtlety and ingenuity with which he defended Christianity, or rather the Church, against the arguments of its foes. They besought him to write, for the edification of posterity, the substance of the thoughts which had so much comforted and established their own minds. He consented to do this; and he was ever after in the habit of jotting down, hastily and briefly, any ideas which occurred to him that might be useful in the work proposed. These memoranda were written on any fragment of paper that happened to be within reach at the moment; and, when a number of them had accumulated, he would tie them up in a bundle unassorted.

But such a life as he lived is fatally contrary to the laws of nature. He gradually sunk under the rigor of his abstinences and the severity of his self-torture. A languor fell upon him, in his thirty-fifth year, which forbade all continuous labor, and it increased for four years, during which he "edified" all his friends by the patience with which he bore his protracted suicide. He never so much as arranged the materials for his work, but left them in the bundles in which he had tied them to get them out of the way. He died aged thirty-nine. The last words he uttered seem to show that, after nearly ten years of such painful efforts to "prepare for death," he had not that perfect peace and confidence at the hour of his departure which might have been expected.

"Abandon me not, oh, God!" he cried, as he sank into unconsciousness.

After his death, his friends selected from the mass of his papers the fragments which, under the title of the "Thoughts of Pascal," have been admired in every land and translated into every cultivated language. The original papers exist to this day, just as Pascal left them, and the Paris edition of last year is strictly conformed to them. The earlier editions swarmed with errors and alterations.

It is a thousand pities that a man so good and so gifted as Pascal had not inherited a stouter heart, and attained more rational views of his duty.

MATCH-MAKING.

The young lady readers of the *Ledger* are sure to be attracted to this little article by its heading. They will expect therefrom a lively dissertation on the art and mystery of baiting the matrimonial trap for eligible birds inclined to pair. This is not an ungallant journal, but for once it takes the liberty of disappointing youth and beauty, to say nothing of the mature and thoughtful matrons who have their daughters' best interests at heart. The matches of which it is our cue to speak are not of the kind supposed to be made in Heaven, and which some libellous persons say are tipped with combustible elements in a lower locality. In short, they are *Lucifer* matches—of which so many billions of billions are manufactured annually. Austria, the principal match-maker of the old world, produces no less than two thousand five hundred *tons* of them every year, for exportation merely. In this country we use, it is computed, between three and four hundred millions of matches daily—or at the rate of ten per day for each unit of the sum total of our population. In England the individual average is only eight per day—but then we are such tremendous smokers!

The manufacture of Lucifer matches is attended with considerable danger, owing to the inflammable nature of the materials employed, (a remark, by the way, which applies with equal force to connubial match-making). The persons employed in tipping the splints are liable to be attacked with a distressing complaint, known as the "jaw disease," produced by the fumes of the phosphorus which forms a part of the igneous composition; but this, we see, is to be hereafter avoided by using a new modification of the article which is innocuous and without odor. Paraffine may also be employed instead of sulphur as a means of conveying combustion to the splint, and thus the noxious sulphurous fume which the ordinary match gives out, is done away with. But a more important improvement than either of these has just been introduced abroad and ought to be adopted everywhere, inasmuch as it prevents the possibility of Lucifer matches being ignited by accidental friction. It consists in dividing the composition into two parts, placing the one on the end of the splint, and the other, containing the phosphorus, on the side of the box. By this means the match will only take fire when rubbed against the box. Nothing can be more simple and safe than the new plan, and we hope it will be generally adopted in this country.

HIGHLY "FINISHED" YOUNG LADIES.

The circulars of our fashionable boarding-schools for young ladies are documents of great *promise*. If words were things one would expect the fair students in those wonderful institutions to emerge from them Admirable Crichtons in petticoats. Yet, as a rule, they do not come out of the school-room into the drawing-room with even such a slight acquaintance with the higher branches of education so ostentatiously paraded in the academic programmes, as will enable them to converse intelligently on any art or science embraced therein. Whether this is the fault of the "professors" or the pupils we cannot say, but the fact is indubitable. Nor is this all: many of the graduates of these expensive finishing academies are not as well grounded in the primary departments of education as the pupils of our common schools. Most of them write a characterless, angular hand, pretty enough to look at, but very difficult to decipher; few of them read with "good emphasis and discretion," or are quick at figures; and their letters often exhibit a slovenly disregard of the ordinary rules of English composition. No fault can be found with their address or carriage, and their skill and taste in setting off their external charms to the best advantage is not to be disputed; but something more than such beau-catching accomplishments is required to fit young ladies for the responsibilities of married life. Mere surface culture is as thriftless in education as in agriculture. "Plough deep," says Cobbett, "if you want satisfactory crops," and the remark applies to minds as well as soils. A woman who has nothing better than the superficial graces, so assiduously taught in finishing academies, to recommend her, will not long retain the affection she may have had the adroitness to inspire.

A "Very Dear Friend" and a $4000 Dress.

MRS. LINCOLN, the widow of President Lincoln, has advertised a number of camel's hair shawls and other costly apparel for sale. Among the articles is "one white point-lace dress, unmade, which cost $4,000." One of the camel's hair shawls, she says, cost $1,500, and another $1,250. There is also a white point-lace parasol-cover which cost $250. Mrs. Lincoln states that these articles, which cost such enormous sums, were gifts of "very dear friends;" and that, as she has an income of only $1700 a year, she is compelled to dispose of them. It is painful, on every account, to see Mrs. Lincoln in this attitude before the public. She has undoubtedly a right to dispose of these costly goods, if she sees fit to do so; but it strikes us that the "very dear friend" who made her a present of a "four thousand dollar dress" when her husband was in power, should have "come down" now that the widow needs more money; and, as she very forcibly says, "must have it." Who is this "very dear friend?" Was he a shoddy contractor? Can any one tell us?

We are glad to see that Mrs. Lincoln's sense of propriety prevented her including in the list of advertised dresses the half-mourning which she is said to have put on at the time of the death of Prince Albert.

A Proposed Cure for Drunkenness.

MR. BONNER—*Dear Sir:* I see in your "Answers to Correspondents" a notice of a man afflicted with a drunken wife. When editor of the ——, nearly a similar question was sent to my office, asking for relief. I replied to the questioner like this—I cannot recollect the exact words, but this is the substance: "We have read somewhere of a receipt that will effectually stop this inordinate desire for drinking. Take an eel lately caught, and clandestinely put it into the liquor drank by your husband; watch the eel until it dies, and then *immediately take it out*. Place the liquor in its usual place, and all will be well. We do not vouch for this, but it will not hurt to try it." In a short time afterward the lady called on me, and said hers was now the happiest family in the State. I have no doubt in my own mind but that if you would advise the trial of this, it would work the salvation of the poor woman, for all the trouble seems to be from her *prima facie* drunkenness.

Cordially yours, —— ——.

HORACE GREELEY preaches a very good sermon to young men in this number of the *Ledger*, concerning the evils of running into debt. The whole article is exceedingly interesting; but the following paragraph will not only bear printing but reading twice:

"Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is—'Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar!'"

AT THE TWILIGHT.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Leave me, child, the winds are rising,
And a ring of phantom gold,
Slipping from the brows of sunset,
Round the twilight world is rolled.
Leave me to the hush and sadness
Of the slowly-fading light,
For my sorrows rise before me,
With the slow tides of the night!

Once the radiant dawn of promise
Over-skied my flowery way,
And my steps were timed to music
In the enchanted fields of May.
But the blighting winds of Sorrow
Smote me from a summer sky,
And I saw the buds of beauty
Wither at my feet and die.

Barren breadths of desolation
Stretched beneath the far-off spheres,
To a vague and wild horizon,
Bounded by a waste of years.
And no flower of joy perennial
Bloomed amid the arid vast,
Save some dim-remembered glory
In the garden of the past.

And the years that fall before me,
And the years that rise again,
Are but shadows, idly drifting
On a shoreless sea of pain!
Never gleams the rosy pharos
Over sliding wreaths of foam—
Never wave the palm-trees golden
Round the fairy isles of Home.

And no soft hands gleam and beckon,
Mid the war of wind and wave—
All is empty, void, and lonely,
Wrapped in vast, gray silence—save
Where one tall, white shaft uplifteth
From the abysses of the grave!
And the blank page of the marble,
Scatheless mid the shocks of Time,
Waiteth for the name and story
That my grief shall make sublime!

Ay, sublime with nameless sorrow—
For the dust that He hath wrought,
Still, thro' all our fall, disguises
The Eternal shrine of Thought.
And in vain the desolation
Of a life and faith undone,
Still thro' all the profanation
Is the soul true to its own!

But the voice of Hope's young gladness
In my palsied heart is mute,
One by one my sweet faiths perished
Of the canker at the root.
Dust—I saw the dreams that lured me
At my feet in ruin lie!
All the founts of sweet Emotion
In my withered breast are dry-
What to me is love but sadness?
Let the weary world go by!

What—you linger still, my darling!
Weeping to be sent away;
"And you love my sadness better
Than your comrade's merry play?"
Stay, then, while the purple shadows
Lengthen o'er the dark'ning land—
Share the tears I weep at twilight,
Tears you cannot understand.

For the lost hopes of the bygone,
For the cross of memory,
For the barren desolation
Of the bitter years to be!
Kneel here with me at the window,
(And your soft arms round me fold,)
While the young moon's rising crescent
Turns your nut-brown locks to gold.

See, a gleam of rosy splendor
Burns along the eastern hills,
And a murmur low and tender
Evening's starry pulses thrills;
And a ray of mystic glory
Light's the future's lonesome road-
'Tis the star of faith and promise
Rising o'er the Cross of God!

ABNER GAULT;

OR,

THE HAND OF FATE.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS

CHAPTER VIII.

ABNER'S BIRTH-DAY.

It was, as near as Mrs. Gault knew, Abner's twelfth birth-day. She had had him at school two years now, and he was a credit to her and to his master. And she had bethought her of a grand reward for him—a birth-day present which would be something to think of and to talk about. The day previous to this which she chose to consider Abner's birth-day she had been to "The Washington," to collect her quarter's rent, and had taken from one of the trunks she still kept stored in a room she reserved for that purpose, an old-fashioned gold watch, which had belonged to her husband.

She would not wear it herself, because she had the idea which people of her generation were apt to have, and fancied some great pretensions to gentility were made in the wearing of such an ornament. But Abner was a different being—a boy, some day to be a man. Besides, she wanted to see him look as genteel as possible, she said to herself, as she took it to the watchmaker, around the corner, to have it put in order.

It was not a handsome or expensive watch. On the contrary, it was old-fashioned and extremely odd, valuable only for its antiquity, and not quite old enough to be very valuable even for that. But to Mrs. Gault a watch was a watch. She polished it carefully, heard it tick with pride, encased it in a little gilt-paper box, and kept it for the crowning joy of the day—after the dinner was eaten, the tea discussed, and the oranges, and almonds, and raisins even tired of.

Then she drew it from her bosom, with a—

"Guess what *that* is, Aby?"

"A *watch*—I hear it tick," said Abner. "Oh, thank you ever so much. I've wanted one so much. Tom Corry has always been so stuck up about having one. I'll show him now."

Then he strutted to the mirror and put it on, with an air only possible to a boy with his first watch. He adjusted the chain and the seal. He stepped back a little way, and looked at his own reflection, with his head on one side.

"It's bigger than Tom Corry's," he said, with satisfaction. "It's bigger than any I ever saw in all my life. I'm sure it's bigger than Mr. Crub's."

"I'm glad you like it. I wouldn't have given it to any one else," said Mrs. Gault. "And the idea of that Tom Corry talking *so!* I hope *you* won't be proud of yours, child, over the boys who have none."

"No," said Abner, "but I'd like old Corry to see it. He thinks himself the richest boy in school, and he's such a dunce! He says there's no need of learning anything if you are rich—only—" and there Abner's face fell—"only Mr. Crub has forbidden any one to wear a watch to school since Jones smashed his in the playground, and his father wanted to deduct the price from the school-bills, they say. It only happened last Friday, so I forgot; but old Corry can't wear his either."

"No matter, you can put yours on Saturdays and Sundays, and wear it always when you come home for good," said Mrs. Gault. "I'll take care of it for you between times."

And she was very well pleased that the long-treasured watch should not run the risk of being broken in any school-boy frolic.

"I can go past Corry's house, Sunday, and let him see me have it on," said Abner, "that's one comfort."

"Oh, you mustn't be proud, Aby," said Mrs. Gault, "that's a sin. And now, since I only asked to have you spend the day with me, and it is nearly dark, you must go, I think. I'll give you your pocket-money first."

And she took from a bureau-drawer a great black pocket-book.

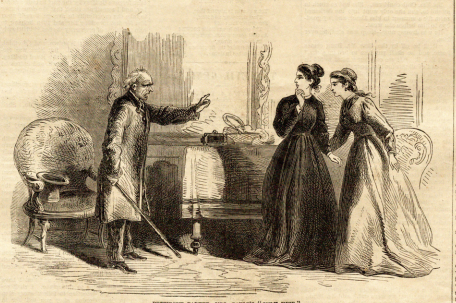
"I meant to bank this to-day," she said, "but I thought as it *was* to-day, I'd keep it in the house all night. I never like to do it, though. I don't feel safe. I'll give you a dollar, Aby, and don't buy any nasty hard cocoanut to make yourself sick. See, there, child, take care of it."

She dropped a crisp-new bill as she spoke, into Abner's hand, and counted her other money over to see if it was safe. Then she tied on the boy's comforter, and kissed him, and sent him away, watching him down the street, as she always did.

As she returned to her room she was puzzled by finding the door wide open. She felt sure that when she went down stairs she had shut it, and shut it hard and tight. How it could come open without hands was more than she could tell. She felt a little nervous as she thought it over, and ran to her bureau to see that her pocket-book was safe. There it was, quite undisturbed; but somehow Mrs. Gault could not feel quite easy. New York was full of thieves she knew, and for Aby's sake she would not like to lose any thing.

She looked into the closet and under the bed in the next room. Then she dropped the curtains—ah! she had better have lifted them!—and lit a lamp. First she rubbed her two silver spoons and put them with their fellows in the drawer with the money, and then she looked once more at Abner's watch. Nothing had been touched. Perhaps the lady who lived up stairs had come in to see the time, and had left the door open, thought Mrs. Gault. That comforted her.

She took out her knitting and sat down before her little low fire. It was autumn still, though quite cool; but knitting did not quiet her nerves that night, and she dropped it very soon, wondering why she felt impelled to look behind her every moment or so. "I hope I'm not getting nervous," she said, aloud. "I declare I've a mind to go upstairs and sit with Mrs. Bunn."



PETTIBONE PARKER, MRS. GAULT'S "ONLY HEIR."

But at that moment there came a knock at the door, and a rosy face looked in.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Gault?" said the voice of the "lady up stairs" herself.

"Why I'm well," said Mrs. Gault. "Come in and sit down, Mrs. Bunn."

"No, thank ye," said Mrs. Bunn—"I just looked in while Bunn locked up. He and I are going to see a play, for once in our lives. We haven't been before for two years. You'll be all alone, won't you, when the store is shut?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gault, wondering why she should be so nervous about it. "But, dear me, I shall go to bed in an hour or so."

"That's right," said Mrs. Bunn; "early hours *are* the best. I often wonder at myself for having kept such late ones when I was a girl. But *we* were fashionable, and I went constantly to balls and parties and the opera—coming, Mr. Bunn!—and never expected to live as I do now.—La, how impatient men are! I'm coming!—You see he won't let me stop to talk."

And Mrs. Bunn ran away. Mrs. Gault felt more low-spirited than before, when she knew herself to be quite alone under the roof. Somehow, going to bed early was not, after all, just what she wanted to do. Something kept saying to her: Keep a good watch; there is danger.

Danger of *what?* thought Mrs. Gault—of fire? Did she smell smoke and not know it? She hunted the closets and looked out into the entry for sparks. She put her hand upon the walls to feel if they were hot.

"I'm sure there is no smell of smoke," she said. "What does ail me? I'm not one of those folks that are afraid of ghosts." Then she shuddered and looked over her shoulder again.

She could not put her mind to her knitting at all that evening. So she took down the Bible and began to read. Even then she felt that she could scarcely keep herself from wandering back to that inexplicable uneasiness.

"It's a neglected duty, I begin to believe," she said to herself. "What haven't I done? I've cleared my dishes and locked up my spoons, and the door down stairs is all right, I know. What haven't I done that all this evening I should be bothered so?"

But Mrs. Gault could not answer that question, and in a little while gave it up, fixed her fire for the night and went to bed. When she had said her prayers, and was easy and warm, she began to think of Abner. How handsome he was growing, and how tall!

"He'll be a fine man, and well eddicated, and not poor, neither," said she; and then the thought came over her that she had not done quite right in putting off the making of her will.

"I'm likely to live to be old, I know," she said. "Our family, when they've died natural deaths, live to quite an age. There's old Cousin Parker is seventy now. How many have died before they need, though. Father was drowned, and Uncle John was shot. Mercy on us! we can't tell when our day will come. I'll make my will to-morrow. Yes, yes—I'll go to a lawyer and make my will to-morrow."

The clock, ticking fast and loud on the mantel shelf, seemed to take the words up and say, "To-morrow," "to-morrow," "to-morrow," over and over again.

Mrs. Gault was not given to flights of fancy; but, as the ticking of the clock set itself to these words, she began to remember how time was flying with every movement of the pendulum, with every change of the long black hands.

"Oh, dear yes;—it is presumptuous not to do it," she said; "calculating on life as though we were sure of it a day. I'll go to make my will to-morrow, as sure as the Lord lets me live and keep my senses. How should I feel if, after all, Aby was to be left without anything; and so it would be if I died before I made my will, they say. Yes, I'll go to-morrow."

And then she put her chubby hand under her cheek and went to sleep as a baby might. Soon her breathing grew heavy, and then, and not until then, a strange sound was heard—creak, creak—and then a pause—creak, creak again—creak, creak, creak.

It was the window in the outer room, slowly raised from without—slowly and heavily, for it had no spring—and, in a moment more, a bad, coarse face thrust itself between the curtains and looked around the room.

Then a figure followed—a figure which had been crouched upon the little shed outside for two hours, and went on tiptoe to the bureau. It was locked, but the keys were where the rascal had seen Mrs. Gault put them, in her pocket, and he went softly back and took them out. After that, it was easy to find the right key and to withdraw from their hiding place the pocketbook, the spoons, the gold watch, a ring or two that Mrs. Gault possessed, a brooch and cuff pins, and a pair of gold spectacles. The task was completed deftly, as by a practiced hand, and then the thief tiptoed across the bedroom to the outer room, and made his way towards the door.

He was bad enough for anything; but he had glanced toward the bed often enough to discover that Mrs. Gault still slept, and he was not anxious to kill an old woman, unless he was obliged to do so. There was no excitement in it, and even in his peculiar circle it was not regarded as creditable.

There were ten chances to one that he would go quietly down stairs, and out at the street door, without disturbing the old lady's slumbers.

But Fate has many tools. Spiders' webs and the cackling of geese sometimes fall in her way. That night a ball of blue stocking yarn helped her. It had fallen to the floor, and had twisted itself in and out between two chairs, and being, in the darkness, unaware of this, the thief had put his foot in a trap and fell headlong to the floor.

He was a heavy man, and made a mighty crash, and in a moment Mrs. Gault had started broad awake, and was screaming with all her might——

"Help! Help! Murder! Murder!"

The man, struggling to his feet, heard her; but he knew the house was empty, and had very little fear.

"Hold your tongue," he muttered, with a growl. "If you don't want to be hurt, hold your tongue."

But Mrs. Gault was beside herself with terror. She did not pause to reflect what might best ensure her safety. She had jumped out of bed and flung the window wide open.

"Help, neighbors, help!" she screamed again. "I'm all alone here! Help! help! help!"

The man was by her side and clutched her arm.

"Come away," he said, in a husky whisper. "You won't be hurt if you are quiet."

But Mrs. Gault did not even hear what he said.

She had once been a very strong young woman, and now she exhibited the remnant of that strength by clinging to the window with all her might, and screaming, again and again:

"Help! Help! Help!"

The man heard other windows flung up—heard a policeman's club upon the pavement—and knew that he was in danger of instant detection.

His ferocious nature was aroused by his terror. His grasp upon the old woman's arm tightened. He dragged her furiously from the window and clutched her throat. To his surprise, she, in her terror, caught at his.

For the time being, all the strength of her youth seemed to have returned to her. She fought for life, and she knew it. But, alas! what was her strength, at its best, to that of the brute with whom she struggled? In a moment more he had flung her to the floor, and, with his knee upon her breast, and one hand upon her throat, stifled her cries, while with the other he drew a pistol from his belt.

"Be quiet, or I'll kill you," he said.

But it is doubtful whether the poor woman understood him. Certainly, she could only see safety in making all the noise she could to bring help about her.

She screamed again, and before the cry had passed her lips, the butt end of the weapon descended furiously upon her head—once, twice, thrice—and then she lay, struggling a little, but quite voiceless, upon the floor.

Then the murderer stole away. He dared not look back, bad man as he was. The pretty, old face, with its curling gray hair, and the mad clutch of those old hands would haunt him as long as he lived; so would that faint cry of "Aby, Aby, dear little Aby," that had fallen from the old woman's lips when he dealt the first blow.

Could he have known the end, that paltry money would scarcely have tempted even such a wretch. But now his only thought was escape. He made his way to the door and looked out. The windows had been shut again, and the policeman had gone past and turned the corner. He walked out and shut it after him, and walked away quietly—not running, or in any way evincing agitation, and so escaped remark from the few persons whom he met, until he was too far from the house where the murder had been committed to be connected in any one's mind with anything which might have transpired there.

There was blood upon his hands—blood upon his soul. But no one could read that in his dogged face—one of those faces which are repeated over and over in jails and penitentiaries, or wherever bad men are congregated—a face with a protruding jaw and overhanging brows, and black hair cut down until it looked like coarse velvet, standing on end instead of lying down. Even when the light from some late oyster-cellar lamp flashed over his face, no one saw anything else.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunn, coming home from the theatre, absolutely brushed against him, and only thought him rude or tipsy as he stumbled out of the way. But the truth was, he was just then looking over his shoulder—fancying a cry and a step behind him—fancying that he heard some one cry out, "Murder! Help! That's the man! Stop him! Stop the murderer!" when not a voice had been heard; when, as yet, his poor victim lay stretched upon the floor, motionless, sightless, voiceless, giving only that mute and awful testimony to the calm stars, shining down upon her from the quiet sky, of the deed that had been done.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MURDER.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunn, coming home from the theatre after a pleasant comedy, were in a very cheerful mood. Mr. Bunn put his key in the dead-latch and opened the door, and Mrs. Bunn ran in. It was dark, of course, and they laughed as they went up stairs over some reminiscences of their past "courting days."

"You used to take the opportunity to steal a kiss from me whenever we went up stairs in the dark," said Mrs. Bunn.

"I've a mind to do it again," said Mr. Bunn, and did it accordingly.

As he bent forward for the purpose he naturally caught at the bannister.

"Bah!" he said. "There's oil or something on the things. I've put my hand in it."

"So have I," said Mrs. Bunn. "I'm glad I took my glove off. I—oh, dear, oh, dear, I'm sure it's not *oil.*"

"Why, what is it?" cried Mr. Bunn.

"I don't know; I don't know," said Mrs. Bunn; and she ran up stairs in a distracted way; flying when she had opened the door, to turn the lamp to its full height, which in their absence had been burning low: "Oh, my dear!" she shrieked; "look, look, it is *blood!*"

And she held up her hand, the palm covered with red stains, still wet and dripping.

"And there's blood on *my* hand too," said the husband. "Where did it come from?"

"Yes, where did it come from?" asked the wife, trembling. "I'm sure I have not hurt myself. There is no cut. Perhaps *you* have. A pin in my dress may have scratched you."

"No," said Mr. Bunn, "it was on the bannisters. Come, Charlotte, let us look."

And he took the lamp and went slowly down toward the hall. But at the second landing they paused. Mrs. Bunn clutched her husband's arm.

"Mrs. Gault's door is open," she said. "Look, her door is open. Oh, my dear! And there is no light there. And what *are* those marks?"

She pointed to some tracks upon the floor—wet, red tracks,—and then the two shrank, pallid and trembling, toward each other.

"I daren't go in," sobbed the woman. "Oh, I can't."

And the man looked at her in horror-stricken silence.

"We *must*, Charlotte," he said.

And they looked in.

Then screams and shrieks filled the air, and calls for help, heard farther than Mrs. Gault's had been, and half-clad neighbors rushed in, and policemen's clubs were heard, and the horror went out into the street and brought in people from late saloons and gambling places, and strangers hurrying home from places of amusement. And in the little room where Abner's school certificates hung upon the wall, and where the homely air-castles had been built, and the birthday dinner eaten, a horror-stricken crowd stood looking down upon an object which from that time forward would make the room unlike all other rooms to any who had seen it there.

CHAPTER X.

ONCE MORE MOTHERLESS.

They had told Abner the dreadful truth, and brought him home from school. And now he lay, refusing to move, at the foot of the bed where the white-shrouded form had been placed. Now and then Mrs. Bunn tried to coax him to come away and eat and try to sleep, but he would not stir. Mr. Crub had himself walked over to the house, and had lifted Abner up in his own arms, and held his hands softly and kindly in his, and talked to him of doing as his friend would wish could she see him, and being courageous and manly, and trying to bear it. But the blue eyes looked at him mournfully, and closed again, and the face dropped and was hidden by the white hands. And Mrs. Crub knelt down beside him and spoke to him of God, and of how all things were for the best, and of praying and looking forward to a better world. But Abner only heard the words, and did not understand them as he would at another time. He knew they were trying to be kind to him, that was all.

But when standing near the poor body, looking at its fair old face—placid now as though no violence had been used, and Mrs. Gault had died in her bed with her friends about her—Mr. Crub said to his wife:

"The bloodthirsty wretch! oh, the bloodthirsty wretch! What must he have been to murder that good old woman?"

Abner started to his feet.

"Where is he?" he cried. "Please to tell me where he is—the man who killed her. I want to kill him. Oh, tell me; tell me."

"We don't know, my dear," said Mrs. Crub. "They are looking for him, and the law will punish him if he is found. God will, in His own good time, at all events. And *we* must not feel——"

But the good woman could not go on. She could only weep.

"Let me go and find him. Make them tell me," said Abner, in a suffocated voice. "Others can't feel *so.* She wasn't their own dear ma. Better than any real one, I believe. Never, never cross—never angry. Oh, why did I leave her to be killed. She was so good to me; oh, so good. She kissed me, and called me her dear boy, and she gave me a watch, and she looked after me down the street, nodding and smiling as she never will again—oh, never, never! And I left her to be killed. If I had stayed I would have saved her, no matter how many had come. Oh, why did I go away?"

"My child, my child," said Mrs. Crub, "you could have done no good. They were great, strong men, no doubt. They would only have killed you also."

"That would have been better," said Abner; "a great deal better; ever so much better; to be dead too, and go to Heaven with her."

And he dropped to the floor again, moaning and sobbing as though his heart would break.

It was a terrible sight to see him; but no one could do anything to comfort him, and they all felt that.

At ordinary times Mrs. Crub would have looked down a little on Mrs. Bunn, and Mrs. Bunn would have been disposed to think that a lady in such a velvet cloak as that Mrs. Crub wore would be apt to take airs and think herself above a plain mechanic's wife; but the excitement of the terrible event, and their mutual interest in the child, made each forget anything but that they were women.

"What *is* to be done?" asked Mrs. Crub. "I've had poor dears at school when their friends were called to leave them, and by this time they've been willing to eat something and lie down, or have their mourning measured. It's coming in such a dreadful way, I suppose. The child will starve, I know. He won't even take an orange."

"He was *so* fond of her, and she of him," said Mrs. Bunn. "It was like a picture to see them together; and not her own either, you know, made it so much prettier. What will he do? I really don't know, even if it don't quite kill him."

"I had a child of my own once," said Mrs. Crub, the tears pouring down her cheeks; "and I know how it would have felt to me, though it was only one week old when it died. And I know how I felt to my own ma."

"And I, too," said Mrs. Bunn, crying also; "though I was young when I lost her. And to have any one *murdered* that you love. I believe he will lose his senses. I feel wicked not to do more; but he won't speak to me, or eat, or drink, or come up stairs, or anything. And how will he bear the funeral? Oh, what's that?"

It was a knock on the door, and in a moment more the door itself opened, and in walked two persons—one the late landlady's friend and neighbor, the barber, Mr. Chumps; the other a lean old man, very much bent, who leant on a cane, and peered about him with a pair of sharp gray eyes.

"Who are you, sir?" said Mrs. Bunn, nervously retreating. "I suppose you don't know what has happened, though you might have seen the crape on the door. There's—a—a death here."

"That's what fetched me," said the lean old man. "I read of the murder and the coroner's inquest, and I've come on that account. Didn't know 'twas true until I got here—York papers lie so."

And he dropped into a chair.

"Yes, yes, yes, York papers lie," he said; "but I see it's true—ah, yes, it's true."

He spoke as though he were by no means grieved that such was the case, and his face expressed nothing but its natural cunning as he looked about the room.

Meanwhile the barber had stooped over the prostrate child.

"It's an old friend, my dear," he said, wiping away honest tears with his red handkerchief. "It's me, Mr. Chumps, you know. I don't know what to say to you, I'm sure. It's a dreadful thing. Come sit on my knee, Aby."

But the boy shrunk from him as he had from the rest. And Mr. Chumps, after patting him softly on the head, retreated to a seat.

"She was an old neighbor o' mine, and took my advice in everything," he said; "and there wasn't a better woman going; never wronged a man a penny, and was a blessing to the poor. I've knowed her off and on thirty years, and it's terrible to see her lyin' there and know how it come about. What did she ever come to this here great and wicked city for, when not a soul would have hurt her where she lived so long. And they killed her for a small matter of money, I'm told."

"As near as the child can tell, there was two hundred dollars, and some silver, and a watch, and a few little things," said Mrs. Bunn. "It wasn't much."

"It was a good deal," said the old man, speaking for the first time. "I can't bear to hear people make light of money. Why, it's a great deal to lose. I hope you don't call it a small matter, Mr. Chumps."

"Only compared with the dreadful deed, you know," said Mr. Chumps. "A dollar is worth thinking of now-a-days otherwise."

"Yes, yes, always," said the old man—"always worth thinking of. And now what have you done about the funeral?"

"Well," said Mrs. Bunn, "as she is known to be well off, we have ordered a fine one, poor dear. It's the least we could do."

"Countermand it, then, or give me the address, and I will," said the old man. "What is the use, I want to know, of wasting money so? No, no, no—no finery. The plainest that can be managed, say I."

"Well, so *you* may say it," said Mrs. Bunn; "but we all want respect paid to us, and I don't see why you should interfere. The child is the only mourner, and he will approve it when he's old enough to understand. It's no one's affair, whatever their taste may be in relation to themselves."

"It's *my* affair, and nobody else's," said the old man. "Come, come, it's my affair, and I'll have my way."

"And who are *you*, pray?" said Mrs. Bunn.

"Who be I?" squealed the old man. "You'd better have asked *that* at first. Mr. Chumps knows me. I'm Pettibone Parker, first cousin and next o' kin to the late deceased. That's what

I am, and I kin prove it. First cousin to the late Mrs. Gault, and next o' kin to her, and, in consequence, heir to every penny that she's left behind her. That's what I am, and I am determined nuthin' shall be wasted."

CHAPTER XI.

PETTIBONE PARKER.

The two women looked at each other and at the boy when Pettibone Parker made this announcement, and the little barber well understood the glance.

"Mr. Parker tells ye the truth, ladies," he said. "He actooally is the next of kin, *and*, as he says, all the late lamented deceased has left *will* belong to him, *unless*, mark ye, the late lamented deceased has left a will. In that case, bein' a widdow, there's nuthin' teu prevent things bein' whatever way she may desire, or may hev desired, durin' her lifetime. What *I* should say teu Mr. Parker would be this: the late lamented loved this here boy as well as if he'd been her own, and 'tisn't likely she'd leave him out of her will. 'Tisn't likely either that she'd neglect the makin' of her will, I—I think."

But Mr. Chumps was not so confident on this point as on the last, and old Parker chuckled and nodded in a well satisfied manner.

"Folks arn't so willing to make their wills," said he. "It seems like dying; and nobody that has a little money laid by wants to die. I don't myself, and I shan't yet awhile, though I am elderly. There are a great many older folks than I in this world, and then there's a fate in death. It aint age, it's fate. There's Mrs. Gault now——"

But just then Mrs. Crub, with a shocked face, lifted her hand and said, in a husked voice:

"Gentlemen, I *beg* of you to remember that this is a solemn moment—a sacred place. You are in the chamber of death. I *cannot* hear it desecrated by such conversation. It is not seemly—it is not proper. If you desire to talk on such topics, there are other rooms in the house. Take your leave of the poor, poor, dear soul for the present, and remember how you would like others to behave when you come—as we all must—to lie as she does."

"You're right, ma'am," said Mr. Chumps. "It was only thinking of Aby, poor fellow, that made me forget myself. Ah! yes, yes, we must all lie so some day—the oldest first, most likely, and Heaven is the place to lay up treasure."

And as he spoke he went out into the entry on tiptoe, beckoning old Pettibone to follow. But the old man, though he obeyed the motion, was only silent until he had reached Mrs. Bunn's little parlor; then he turned fiercely upon the two women, striking his cane upon the floor.

"Remember," he said, "however it may be about the will, I am the nearest relation, and I say that I'll have no useless expense about the funeral. Mind ye, no useless expense. Living folks need money, dead ones don't. I'll give the proper orders, and countermand any foolish ones that you women folks may have given, and I *won't* be interfered with—I *won't*. Hear that, and remember it."

Mrs. Bunn turned a flushed and indignant face toward Mrs. Crub, and had hard work to restrain an angry answer. Mrs. Crub merely folded her plump hands at her belt.

"As you are a relative, of course we leave everything to *you*," she said, and sailed from the room, followed by Mrs. Bunn.

In the little dining room the two women seated themselves, beside the bright cooking-stove, and talked the matter over, Mr. Crub having previously returned to his neglected school.

"The old wretch," said Mrs. Bunn. "I've no doubt he thinks that he can rob the poor child of every penny. *Do* you think he can? Isn't being adopted the same thing as being a person's own son? and if he was, you know, why, nothing could be taken from him. Isn't it, do you know?"

"I wish I *did*," said Mrs. Crub. "Of course there's a law on the subject. I think if Abner were regularly adopted, you know, it would be the same. But if she went through no legal process, why, probably matters would be different. I'll ask Mr. Crub, and perhaps the little man who seems friendly to Abner could tell us how that was."

"I hope it is all right for the dear child," said Mrs. Bunn. "She loved him so; she was so proud of him; and he *is* a pretty fellow, and she *meant* he should have every penny when she died."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Crub; "but then what we mean is not considered as much in law unless we've signed our names to it."

"I'll call in that Mr. Chumps," said the little hostess, "and ask him about the adoption."

And so she did at once.

Mr. Chumps came into the back room with a very anxious face, and answered in a way that did not make the women happier.

Mrs. Gault had told every one that she had "regularly adopted the baby;" but she had considered that all-sufficient. Mr. Chumps felt sure that she had done nothing more, and Mr. Chumps only hoped that there was a will.

"For, ladies," he said, whispering behind his lean, little, old-womanish hand. "For, ladies, though I don't want to say a word against the gentleman in the other room, my opinion is, he'll be none too kind or generous; and law, you know, ladies, is law, and not justice, and he does prove himself entitled to the property that way. Perhaps, though, there *is* a will."

Just then old Parker opened the door and peeped in.

"Come on, if you're coming," he said, snappishly, and Mr. Chumps arose and went towards the door. Then, as if the cause of his being there at all had just been fully realized, he turned his face towards the wall and fairly burst into tears.

"It comes across me like a flash," he said. "To think of it! she that was so kind and good to the poor—she that never hit a blow to a child, or even a dog or a cat—to be murdered! If I'd only been here. I think, knowing her as I did, I'd have saved her from any man; I would, if I had died for it. If I'd been anywhere near, I'd have heard her kind, good voice, and come to her, I would. I wonder I didn't where I was, though it's miles and miles away, but I laid and slept and snored. The last time I saw her she came to me in my little shop, and had a cup of tea with me, and talked of her handsome Aby. 'And I often think,' said she, 'often and often, that his own sweet, pretty mother never could have loved him more, nor done better by him. He's learning well, Mr. Chumps, and he's every inch a gentleman, and he'll be a credit and a blessing to poor me, I know you'll be very glad to hear, Mr. Chumps.' Her very words, and she'll never speak another to me!" And the little man sobbed bitterly.

"You never tasted her biscuit and her coffee," he said, "and her fried chicken. Many a tea I've had with her. 'Betsy can cook for strangers,' says she, 'but I cook for my own friends.' And she did. There never was but one woman like her; that one died years ago. They were both girls then, and she would have been bridesmaid to Patty if——" Then the little man wiped his eyes and turned towards Mrs. Bunn. "If you please," he said, "I'd like to do one last thing for her. Let me dress her hair. I dressed it for her wedding, when it was brown and bright as yours, ma'am, and—I'd—feel—as—if I'd done something respectful—all I could."

Mrs. Bunn looked at Mrs. Crub, and she understood the feeling that prompted the little barber's request.

"There can be no objection," she said, softly. "Dress your old friend's hair, Mr. Chumps. This relative of hers can't object to that."

"Unless he sends in his bill," said the old man, testily, and even he felt the withering scorn in the barber's bright black eyes as he turned on him.

"I'm goin'," he said; "I'll see ye all agin." And away he hobbled.

"I must go too," said Mrs. Crub. "If only poor Abner would go with me. However, I know he is in kind care with *you*, Mrs. Bunn."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Bunn; "and if you'll stop and take tea I shall be very much pleased, I'm sure."

But Mrs. Crub could not. She had so much to attend to, and she only went into the darkened room for a moment to kiss Abner, and say good-bye to him before she went.

He was drowsy now—sleep was stealing over him.

"He'll be off by the time Mr. Bunn comes home, and he shall put him to bed up stairs," said Mrs. B. "If we only knew what would be the end of all this for him, poor dear."

"Ah, if we only knew," said Mrs. Crub; and she went home with a heavy heart, for in this time she had grown very fond of Abner, who was bright and handsome in a way that promised an unusual degree of grace and beauty for his manhood.

Mr. Bunn came home soon, and being a good-natured man, submitted quietly to the "made-up" meal which took the place of dinner, because Mrs. Bunn had so much on her mind. Little Abner was asleep by this time, and he took off his boots, and carried him up to Mrs. Bunn's little "spare bed-room," and left him there happily unconscious of all his woe. But, after that, Mr. Bunn ate his meal heartily, and refused to be deeply touched by Mrs. Bunn's account of the "beautiful way in which the barber had braided Mrs. Gault's hair."

He had been talking to a policeman on the way home, and was full of the hope that the murderer might soon be arrested. The watch might bring him to light. They were after a noted housebreaker who had been known to dispose of one, and little Abner said that he would know it anywhere.

"I think *I* would," said Mrs. Bunn. "It was a great old-fashioned affair, not worth much now, I guess. And oh, if I could, how glad I'd be to do it, and see the fiend carried off to prison! Oh, if we only had not gone to the theatre that night!" she said, "if we'd been home."

"It's a good thing, seeing the murder has been done, that we were out," said Mr. Bunn, "and that folks saw us go to the play and saw us there; they might have gone and said *we* did it else, you know. There's lots *would* murder any body for a few hundreds, and, like as not, we shouldn't have heard any noise, asleep up stairs."

And Mr. Bunn went on eating with his knife, and was astonished that his wife should sob and cry, and wring her hands, and wonder how he could shock her with such dreadful ideas.

"'Tain't *my* idea," said Mr. Bunn; "I've heard it said four or five times to-day."

"What? that we did it?" said Mrs. Bunn, showing symptoms of hysterics.

"No," said Mr. Bunn, "that it was good we were out; unless we could have saved her; and that, you see—the way folks are at night, not 'waking up when they first hear a noise, and then believing it nothing, and then listening and making a noise about the room to find their boots, and all that—ain't likely; the murder would have been done just the same I reckon."

Mrs. Bunn tried to think so, and went out soon with some neighbors who had come to help her watch the murdered woman. And Mr. Bunn soon went to bed. But, before he did, he went into the little spare-room, and looked at Abner, and covered him softly as a woman might. Some scenes in his past life returned to his memory, and he wiped away a tear, as he said to himself:

"Aye, poor boy, it's hard to lose a mother—the hardest thing that can happen to a child!"

And then Mr. Bunn took a look at an old-fashioned black profile hanging on the parlor-wall in an ebony frame, and tried to see a likeness in it to his dead mother. It would have been a vain attempt for any one; but Mr. Bunn, like most utterly inartistic people, had profound faith in art in all its phases.

"I never had much of an eye for *pictures*," he said, shaking his head; "but it was said to be cut true, and it must be. I know her best cap crown always stood up like that, poor soul!"

And, wiping away another tear, he retired to bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FRAILTIES OF GENIUS.

How very few who track the errors of genius to the tomb take into consideration, or are capable of estimating, the influence on the physical and moral constitution of studious habits inordinately pursued—of mental exertion long continued—of bodily exercise perhaps wholly neglected. How little do they know of the morbid sensibility of genius, who mistake its gloom for dreary misanthropy; or the distempered visions of "a heat-oppressed brain" for impersonated opinions; or the shadows of a sickly dream for the real sentiments of the heart! How few of the futile friends who violate the sanctity of private life, to minister to the prevailing appetite for literary gossip, ever think of referring the imperfections they drag into public notice to a temperament deranged by ill-regulated or excessive application; or of attributing "the variable weather of the mind, which clouds without obscuring the reason" of the individual, to the influence of those habits which are so unfavorable to health.

BEAUTY: THE CHEEK.

They say that poets speak too highly of what they admire, and that half the beauties which they discern in any object they put there themselves. Believe it not. Nature has been before us. We only read what she has written. If others cannot read as much, is that the fault of the book? No; it is their own. Look at one of the simplest and the most beautiful objects in the world, a cheek; and tell us how came it? What a thought was the cheek itself, when nature created it! And do you suppose that a vulgar eye estimates it enough? Put the question to those who can do something like it themselves; to a Raphael, or to the poets. As the poet's thought is worth what it produces, so the cheek of the beauty is worth what it can suggest.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity is in great and generous minds the first passion and the last, and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties. He who easily comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subject, is always eager for new inquiries, and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider prospect, it must be gratified by more rapid flights and bolder excursions than perhaps can be proposed to those who have been accustomed to the pleasure of thought—a more powerful incitement to any undertaking than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

"A CHARM IS AROUND THEE."

Like a rose, when unfolding
Its leaves to the morn,
Thus opened with bright hopes,
Thy life's sunny dawn.
But, ah! in the cold world,
They withered full soon;
And thy young day is shrouded
In clouds, ere its noon.

Oh! who that had witnessed
Thy fond dreams of bliss,
Had thought thou wouldst waken
To sorrow like this!
Or who that thy morning
Of promise had seen,
Could deem that so early
Thy night would set in.

Yet a charm is around thee,
Thus drooping and lone,
Far dearer than any
Thy bright hours have known;
As that plant which thou gav'st me
In freshest array,
Had not half of the fragrance
It breathes in decay.
W. F. O.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

From the character of the evidence given, it was clear that a reaction in favor of Denham had taken place in the minds of those who had been foremost in accusing him on the previous night. Even the facts that told most against him were softened in the relation, and the face of the Judge cleared as he listened to the revelations of the successive witnesses who were brought forward to give their testimony.

The calm and noble face of the prisoner, his undaunted bearing, favorably impressed all who saw him; and when the evidence was summed up, not one listener regretted that the verdict must be on the side of mercy.

The charge of murder against Denham was dismissed, and he was pronounced free to go whither he would, without obstruction from the laws of his country.

Loud shouts of applause informed the throng on the outside of the house of the result of his examination, and he arose amid the tumult and made a brief speech, in which he thanked them for the kindly feeling that dictated these demonstrations. Denham went on to say that he could not rest contented under the imputation of so foul a crime as the midnight assassination of the man with whom he had been reared as a brother. He pledged his word to do all that was possible toward the discovery of the murderer, and bringing him to justice.

He sat down amid renewed acclamations, and Mr. Hastings hurriedly said to him:

"Let us escape through the back office. There is a door opening on a side street, and we can get away without running the gauntlet of the excited crowd outside."

"That is what I most earnestly wish," was the reply; but to make their way out of the court-room was not so easy. Friends crowded around Denham with congratulations on the result of the examination, and it was nearly an hour before they found themselves in the narrow street at the farther end of which Mr. Hastings' carriage had been stationed.

A message was despatched to Mrs. Langley's driver informing him that Mr. Denham had left town with a friend, and he was ordered to remain till Wallis and Talbot were ready to be taken home.

When they were alone in the carriage, Mr. Hastings took the hand of the young man in his own and held it firmly clasped, though he did not speak till they were some distance from the town.

Denham saw that he was struggling with extreme agitation, and he made no attempt to break the silence. In truth, his own feelings were in such a tumult of excitement that he was glad of an interval of silence in which to compose them. At length it was broken by Mr. Hastings, who fervently said:

"Thank God that you are safe, Guy! If you had been condemned this day, I should have felt that my own carelessness had caused this evil to fall on you. But for the use of your pistol by the assassin, suspicion could never have been fixed on you. I have seen it all winter lying in that window, yet neglected to return it to you. Had I done so this painful accusation could never have been made."

"Do not blame yourself, dear sir. No one could have dreamed of such a result as this from your forgetfulness and my own. I should have reclaimed the weapon long since, but unfortunately I forgot all about it. You believe me innocent, Mr. Hastings; but the question then arises as to who could have removed the pistol to use it in this dreadful manner? I am anxious to learn if your suspicions agree with those expressed by my sister this morning, and I may add, with those I have formed myself."

The eyes of the listener dilated, and his lips trembled as he asked:

"What do you mean? Who does Mrs. Langley suspect as the author of all this misery?"

Denham hesitated a moment before replying:

"I would at present speak of this to no other person than yourself, Mr. Hastings; for after all we may cruelly wrong that poor girl; but to you is due an explanation of what I intend to do with reference to a person who was lately an inmate of your family, before I take such steps as may compromise her in any way."

Hastings sunk back with a groan that was almost a cry of anguish, and Denham saw with dismay that he was clutching at his necktie as if choking. Fearing that he might fall into a fit, he hastened to assist him in every possible way, and he presently began to recover from his overwhelming agitation.

He feebly said:

"I have borne a great deal in the last few hours, and I am quite unfit to give my attention to any new phase of this sad affair; yet I cannot rest without hearing your last words explained. Who would you accuse? Yet why do I ask, for your words clearly pointed to the friendless creature who is by this time far away. It will be useless to attempt to criminate Miss Gordon, for she can easily prove an alibi. She was on her way to New Orleans before the—the assassination took place."

"I am aware of that, sir; you will permit me to state the grounds of my sister's suspicions, though I confess that I attach but little importance to them."

With feverish eagerness Mr. Hastings replied:

"State them, by all means. I am most anxious to understand them. Mrs. Langley is a very keen woman—one gifted with unusual discernment, I know, but she should not be too eager to condemn one of her own sex on such flimsy evidence as, I am sure, must have sufficed to her in this case."

"You shall hear and judge for yourself. This young lady is nothing to you, and therefore I may speak freely on this painful subject."

A convulsion passed over the face of Mr. Hastings, and he faintly said:

"Nothing, now—go on, if you please."

Denham obeyed without seeming to remark his extreme agitation.

"Last autumn Anna and I met with Miss Gordon at Newport, and you are probably aware that through my sister's means she was defeated in her efforts to secure the fortune of the old lady whose companion she then was. I had nothing to do with the plot that ruined her with Mrs. Hawks, and until the explosion was produced I knew nothing of the affair in progress. She was not treated quite fairly, I have always thought, and I do not think she ever forgave Anna for the part she then played. Fenton entered heart and soul into it, for he was most anxious at that time to secure the succession of Mrs. Hawks' estate to her niece, with whom he seemed deeply enamored. You are probably aware that he and Miss Gordon had some love passages while he was a student at Yale. I am sure that a deeper impression was made on her heart than on his. I do not believe that she ever forgave Godfrey for the part he took against her, and I sometimes think that she came hither to take the opportunity to avenge herself upon him for first forsaking her and then helping to ruin the fabric of prosperity she had industriously reared for herself."

"I knew much of this before, and I do think that she was badly treated. But Nina was forgiving to *him* at least, for she loved Godfrey. She admitted this to me herself, and entreated me to send her away before he gave his hand to another."

"Unfortunately for her, that only strengthens the evidence against her. If Miss Gordon had ceased to love Fenton, she would never have done what my sister declares she did do. Shall I state to you the position she takes?"

"Why should you? This is all nonsense. Nina left Natchez, and was far on her way before the murder occurred."

"I beg that you will listen to me at least with patience, Mr. Hastings. Miss Gordon must have embarked on the Vicksburg, for she is the only packet due since she left Silvermere. That boat lay four hours at the cotton landing below your place, last night, and but a mile lies between them. Anna insists that Miss Gordon found means to leave the steamer and commit the crime for which I have so narrowly escaped being imprisoned to-day. She thinks that Nina possessed herself of my pistol that the odium of the deed might fall on me, as a punishment to her for unmasking her last summer."

Mr. Hastings listened to him with working lips and a tremulous shaking of his whole frame, which showed how deep was the emotion that moved him. He huskily asked:

"But what can you do to bring this suspicion home to her? If Nina is capable of doing such a thing, she will have craft enough to conceal every trace of her motions from others."

"I can do but one thing, sir, and that I have promised my sister to undertake. I shall secretly employ a detective to follow every step taken by Miss Gordon after you left her in Natchez. This can be done without compromising her, till the truth is known. When I am satisfied of her guilt, I shall of course have her arrested and brought to trial for this most terrible deed."

In tones of piercing anguish Mr. Hastings cried out:

"Oh! my God! this is too much! too much! This burden is more than I can bear; my heart is breaking under it."

In great alarm Denham exclaimed:

"What is it, sir? What have I said to distress you so deeply? Why should you take the presumed guilt of this young girl so much to heart?"

Mr. Hastings leaned back several moments without speaking; then, in trembling tones, he said:

"God never suffers a deep wrong to pass unpunished, even in this world; but the retribution he has sent to me is hard to bear. To save this wretched creature, I must cast myself upon your mercy, and lay bare the sin that has borne such bitter fruit.

"Guy Denham, I have known you from your boyhood, and you have never been guilty of a mean or unprincipled action. Would to God that I could say the same of myself; but I cannot—I cannot."

He paused, and, in a painful state of excitement as to what was to follow, Denham asked:

"To what does all this tend, Mr. Hastings? If you have anything to confide to me, I can truly say that your confidence will be held sacred, let its nature be what it may."

"I believe it—I am sure of it—and there is now no alternative. I must tell you the cruel secret that is corroding my life, and ask you, for my sake, to let this matter drop; to bear the stain of suspicion which can be wiped from your name only by pursuing and exposing the guilty one. Nina Gordon must not be implicated in this dreadful affair if I can prevent it; for she has on me a claim so strong that I must, at all hazards, endeavor to shield her from punishment for the crime she committed."

"You believe that she did it, then; but I cannot understand why she is to be screened at my expense."

"Not unless you are generous enough to will it to be so, Guy; and when I have told you all you can decide for yourself. The unhappy girl who has entered my house as a demon of wrath is my own daughter."

The words were spoken almost in a whisper, but Denham heard and fully understood their meaning. He faintly repeated:

"Your daughter! Opal's sister! Oh, sir, this is a terrible strait for you to be placed in. The resemblance between them is now accounted for."

"Yes, their features bear some likeness, but it ends there. Opal is pure and good, as the other is fiery and unprincipled. Don't ask me why I brought her beneath my roof; it was madness in me to do such a thing, as the event has proved. But I wished to atone to her, as far as possible, for the wrong I had done her, and no other way seemed open to me. If she had not been ill unto death, I should never have betrayed the tie that binds us together; but when I believed her to be dying I told her all. Since that unfortunate hour she has wounded me in every possible way, and now she has completed her own ruin and broken my heart by this crowning outrage. If Nina is pursued—if the murder of Godfrey is traced to her hand—the blighting record of past shame must be laid bare, and I shall refuse to live with the brand of dishonor upon my brow."

His head drooped upon his breast, and Denham surveyed his worn and haggard face with the deepest compassion. He was at a loss what to say in reply, and after a few moments, Mr. Hastings resumed:

"Is it too much to ask of you, Guy, to spare the guilty one? for that Nina *is* guilty I have not doubted for one moment since the event of last night occurred. But in giving her up to punishment you will drive me from my home forever, separate me from the child who is a comfort and delight to me, and send me to end the few days that will be left to me in obscurity and loneliness."

"Why should that be necessary, sir?"

With some bitterness, Mr. Hastings replied:

"Why do you ask that when you know my wife so well? If she were told the history of those days during which Nina was born, she would never forgive me for having lived with another woman as my wife, and having so long concealed it from her. I will, in justice to that woman, tell you all my villainy. I deceived her basely. She believed the words spoken over us to be a genuine ceremony of marriage; but the time came when she knew better.

"As I hope for mercy hereafter, I swear to you, Guy, that I would have made such atonement as was possible, but she refused to accept it, and left me. She left behind her the child she would not claim because she was *mine*, and I did the best I could for her, hoping at some day to be able to bring her beneath my own roof. I will tell you more than this, Guy Denham. Mrs. Markland knew the history of that early entanglement. She held it over me, and dreading exposure to the woman I married, I submitted to her dictation in the matter of my daughter's marriage with her son. I knew that Opal did not love him as a girl should love the man she accepts as her husband; but I won her consent to give her hand to Godfrey through an appeal to her filial affection. I told her enough to enable her to understand that on that union my domestic peace depended. She yielded, and now the tie I wickedly induced her to form is broken. She will suffer by the shock, but not as those suffer who have lost the one that is dearest to them on earth."

His voice sank away into a husky whisper, and Denham took his hand and eagerly said:

"I will not be less self-sacrificing than Opal has proved herself. I will never be the means of bringing before the world the knowledge of the tie which exists between her and that unhappy girl. Miss Gordon may escape scatheless for me, Mr. Hastings, for I pledge you my honor to take no steps against her. I can live down the imputations that have been cast upon my fair name, and I will do so. Accept this assurance as final, dear sir, and give yourself no further uneasiness about this matter."

The elder man lifted his bowed head, and with a sudden gleam of hope, asked:

"Will you indeed do this, Guy? Such forbearance I could scarcely have expected, for I know that you have not been treated quite fairly in what has been lately done."

At these words a sudden glow came to the heart of Denham, and he asked himself if he dared interpret them to mean that Opal would have preferred himself to the man she had been induced to accept as her husband. Then came the chilling thought that in relinquishing the pursuit of the assassin he must give up all hope of eventually winning Opal; for his union with her would only strengthen the suspicion of others that he had put Godfrey Fenton out of the way because he could not see him bear away from him the girl he so madly loved.

These thoughts flashed with lightning rapidity through his mind, but his voice was clear and firm when he replied to the stricken man beside him:

"It matters not how I have been treated, sir. I again assure you that I would bear even worse than suspicion rather than clear my own name at such cost to you. Your unfortunate daughter shall not be suspected of this crime through any agency of mine. Your home—Opal's home—shall not be laid desolate by my hand."

"Here we are at Silvermere. Will you go in and see your aunt?" abruptly asked Mr. Hastings.

"If she will consent to receive me. Dismiss from your mind all dread as to my proceedings, Mr. Hastings. I must make some effort to discover the assassin, but you may feel assured that I shall not set those I employ on the right track."

Mr. Hastings grasped his hand in silence, and the two descended from the carriage, and entered the house.

CHAPTER LV.

The stillness of the grave reigned within the house of death. At an early hour of the morning the inquest had been held over Fenton's body, and the verdict returned that he had died by some unknown hand.

Denham wrote a few lines on a card, informing his aunt of the result of his examination, and sent them up to her. The servant came back in a few moments with a request that he would go up to her.

He found Mrs. Markland exhausted with weeping, and too wretched and restless to lie down. She threw herself upon his bosom, and cried out:

"Oh, Guy! Guy! I should thank Heaven that you are restored to me, if I could feel thankful for any thing in the present state of my mind. There is no comfort for me—no light left in my life now *he* is gone! My son! my son! would that I could have died for thee!"

Denham gently placed her on a seat, and hastened to say every thing that could soothe her grief; but Mrs. Markland seemed scarcely to listen to him. When he paused there was a long and dreary silence, which she broke by suddenly saying:

"I have not been just to you, Guy; I did not carry out the intentions of my husband, though I fully understood them. In my selfish love for my own son, I hoarded for him alone what should have been equally divided between you. It shall all be yours now, Guy,—every cent. Can you pardon me for acting towards you as I have done from your boyhood?"

"Dear aunt, I have nothing to pardon. You have amply atoned for any wrong you may have done me by the noble course you took last night. We will not refer to affairs of business at this time. I shall remain near you; I will be to you a son in the place of the one you have lost, if you will accept me as such. But I cannot take from you what should have been Godfrey's. Do with your own as you will; I have enough without it."

"But I shall never feel satisfied unless I am allowed to make such reparation as is in my power. We will not talk of it now, for I am not in a fit state to think of any thing but the dreadful bereavement I have sustained."

"No, let us not speak of it now. When you have had time to reflect, you will understand how impossible it will be for me to become the gainer by the unhappy event of last night. Do you wish me to go over to Magnolia and give my orders there?"

"No, thank you; the overseer has been over this morning, and I have told him what must be attended to. To think that yesterday my boy was bright with health, hope, and happiness, and to-day they are digging his grave! I feel as if I cannot live through it."

"Dear Aunt Gertrude, it is indeed a terrible trial; but do not sorrow as one without hope. You have other children—draw them nearer to your heart, and in their affection find consolation for Godfrey's loss."

She shook her head almost fiercely.

"A pair of feeble girls! what have I to hope from them that can gratify the pride which is the strongest feeling of my nature. Godfrey was the darling of my life, and in losing him I have lost all that made it bright to me."

Denham could not reason with her in her present state of feeling, and he felt the assurance in his own mind that, after the first bitterness of her bereavement passed away, Mrs. Markland would naturally turn to her daughters to console and sustain her.

He left her calmer than when he entered, and on descending the stairs he sought for the housekeeper to learn from her how her young lady was after the awful shock she had received.

Chloe was a very fat black woman, who was usually to be found in a small room opening upon the back gallery, which had been well known to Denham from his boyish days. As he expected, she was there now, looking very busy and important.

As her visitor entered, she looked up and exclaimed:

"Bless de Lor', Marse Guy, dat you's back safe an' soun'. What could dem ere fools ha' meant by 'cusin' *you* o' dat dreffle thing? I's got more sense 'n dat, ef I is a darkey."

Denham took the toil-hardened hand in his n, and pressing it warmly, with much emotion id:

"Thank you, Aunt Chloe; but I am glad to you that you are not the only one who has me the justice to think as you do; I am red of the charge, and I have but a moment ay. I came here to ask how your young s this morning. Have you seen her lately?"

"Is jest come from her room, sah. She's thar like a broken lily, a sleepin' off the tor's pizen they's dosed her with; but she'll over it. Don't *you* believe dat Miss Opal's ine to break her heart over Marse Godfrey's ath. Ef her pa and ma hadn't been so sot on match, I don't think she'd ha' took him no w. In course she'll grieve over his bein' cut so sudden like, for she's got a tender heart her own; but, as I said afore, she'll git over and be as chirk and happy as she was afore thought of marryin' her off while she was n but a chile."

"I ardently hope that she will, Aunt Chloe; how does Mrs. Hastings bear all this excite- ent?"

"Oh, *she* went off in her squirming tantrums, I calls 'em, an' I was up wi' her till 'most day. I dosed her with brandy and lodomy mixed gether, an' she's sleepin' beautiful now. I y wish I could sleep too, for I feel awful sey to-day; but there's so much to look after I must keep a goin' all de time."

Denham escaped from the talkative negress, d, declining the use of the carriage, set out to k to Ashwood. He wished quietly to review e events of the last sixteen hours, and settle own plan of action for the future. How he s to allay his sister's suspicions of Nina, or ncile her to the course he had pledged self to pursue, he was at a loss to deter- ne."

The confidence given him under such painful umstances he felt must be held sacred; yet seemed imperative that he should impart it to s. Langley, or she would herself proclaim d the conviction in her mind that Nina Gor- on's hand had given doom to Godfrey Fenton. Denham finally decided that he must be guided y circumstances; and if he found his sister im- vable in her belief of Nina's guilt, there would o alternative but to disclose to her under a edge of secresy what had that morning been ealed to himself.

As soon as the verdict clearing Denham was en, a messenger had been dispatched to Ash- od bearing the glad tidings, and he found s. Langley on the piazza watching impatiently his arrival.

She threw her arms around him, and, holding tightly clasped to her breast, wept hysteri- ly for several moments. Regaining control her emotions, she tenderly said:

"Oh, my darling brother, I have you safe in, and I should be happy. I am happy thus , that you are now free to do what is neces- y to clear from your name every cloud of picion. Till that is done, I can never hold up head as proudly as heretofore. Oh! Guy, I d you safe again in my arms, but I must see cleared in the eyes of all men by showing the world the real criminal. The more I e thought of what I spoke of to you, the re deeply am I convinced that I have found right clue. We must lose no time in follow- g it up; shall we, Guy?"

"Don't speak of that now, Anna. There is e enough to settle what shall be done. For present, let my safety suffice to you."

She held him off from herself, and looked rchingly in his face, as she earnestly said:

"If anything is to be accomplished, we must t delay taking the initiative steps. I am sure t reflection will show you the necessity of it. But you have had worry enough for one ning, and I will not say any more about it after you have had a good dinner. It has n waiting some time for your return. Come now, and rest till it is served."

As he walked beside her, Denham asked:

"How is your guest? Have you yet sum- oned courage to tell her of the tragedy of last ht?"

"Inez knows that Godfrey is dead, and bears better than I believed possible. Come into y room a few moments, while I tell you of e strangest thing that has ever come to my owledge."

When they were in her chamber, and Mrs. angley had carefully closed the door, she went n:

"By some incomprehensible means, Inez has ecome aware of Godfrey's murder, and on waking from a brief sleep this morning she poke of herself as having committed it. At rst I was startled, and even thought that she might have escaped from the house in the night, made her way to Silvermere, and in her desperation have taken his life. But a moment's reflection convinced me that she could not have done it, and Mrs. Perkins declared that she watched near her all night. She got up once, and did try to get out; but the nurse brought her back, and did not lose sight of her again. Yet the first words she spoke to me when she awoke proved that she was aware of Godfrey's death. What do you think of that?"

"I hardly know what to think. It is very strange."

"Mrs. Perkins explains it in her own way. She says that the Lopez family are attended by a familiar spirit since they committed the enormity of marrying Christian women; that being originally of pure Hebrew stock, the sin they committed against their faith and race, is punished by the visitations of this demon, to foreshadow to them sorrow and loss. I can only say that I wish the creature had better performed his devoir by Inez, and warned her of the uselessness of coming hither to have her heart broken."

"It would certainly have been more to the purpose," replied Denham, with an expression of incredulity. "I cannot pretend to explain the singularity of what has happened, except through a dream being sent to her as a warning. Such things are on record, and are too well authenticated to be refuted."

"That is the only way in which Inez could have learned it, though she insists that she was not sleeping. Since she has recovered from the flightiness she showed when she first woke up, she has been quite calm. She has taken food, and shows a desire to give me as little trouble about herself as possible. But she declares that last night, before she attempted to leave the house, she fell into a sort of trance that was neither sleeping nor waking. While in that condition, she saw a steamer lying close by a thickly wooded shore. Among the people that landed there was a slender boy, on whom her attention was at once magnetically fixed. He loitered among the men, seemingly careless of observation, though he wore a cloth cap drawn low down over his forehead, and his travelling-shawl was held closely over the lower part of his face.

"This boy gradually got clear of the crowd, entered the woodland alone, and through its solitary shadows Inez felt compelled to follow him. He walked steadily forward till he came to an illuminated house, in which it was evident some festival was going on. The youth crouched down behind a clump of shrubbery, and some time elapsed before he showed himself again.

"Then, a solitary figure came bare-headed down the pathway, near his place of concealment, in whom Inez recognized Godfrey Fenton. He passed on, but returned in a few moments; like a flash the boy sprang up, discharged a pistol at his breast, and she saw him fall dead.

"Inez thinks she fainted after that, and she has no recollection of her attempt to escape from the house. In the confusion of her mind this morning, she could not recall all the phases of her vision; though through all she had a distinct impression of Godfrey's murder, and for a season believed herself its perpetrator. But she has grown calmer, as I told you, and she can now clearly describe what passed before her while she was in that clairvoyant state."

"Did she obtain no glimpse of the boy's face?" asked Denham, with eager interest, for in spite of his incredulity this narration deeply impressed him.

"She saw it imperfectly at the moment the pistol was raised. She says that he was fair, with singular light eyes, that flashed as with phosphorescent fire as the glare of a neighboring lamp fell upon them. Does not that description apply well to Nina Gordon's eyes, and to her we must look for the solution of last night's work. I am more determined than ever on having her steps followed from the hour of her arrival in Natchez till the deed was accomplished. She must have obtained her disguise there, and the clerk in the store the things came from will be likely to remember the fact of a young girl purchasing a suit of boy's clothes. If her beauty made its usual impression, he will be able to describe her."

Denham changed color, and looked so uneasy that his sister exclaimed:

"I do believe, Guy, that you are afraid such a confirmation of my suspicions may be found. You look very strangely."

"Do I? Well, I am tired, and I begin to feel very hungry, for I have scarcely touched food since this time yesterday."

"Poor fellow! no wonder that you feel badly. I have ordered for dinner such dishes as you particularly like, and you shall have the best cup of coffee afterwards that Kitty can make."

"Will Miss Lopez be well enough to appear at the table? though I suppose not."

"No—I shall send her dinner in to her; but after we have dined, I have promised her—what do you think? I can't imagine now how she wrought on me to consent to such a thing, but somehow I could not resist her passionate entreaties to take her to Silvermere, that she may look once more on poor Godfrey. I see from your face that you think I was wrong to agree to such a thing; but if you had seen the poor girl, and heard her words, you could no more have resisted her than I did."

Denham gravely said:

"My dear Anna, I am really shocked at the thought of Miss Lopez going there to make a scene, after all the family have gone through with. You must recall your promise—indeed you must."

"I am sure that Inez will make no scene. She is quite composed now, speaks as rationally as you or I. She has pledged me her word that no one shall be annoyed or disturbed by any act of hers, and I think I can trust her. She has wonderful power of self-control for one so young and so bitterly tried. I *must* take her to Silvermere, Guy, for I could not answer for the consequences if she were disappointed now."

"Far worse consequences may follow if you persist in this wild scheme. Think what a trial it will be to her. She may be unable to repress the cries that destress may wring from her, and —and— Dear sister, pray do not go with this young lady. It is simply madness in her to wish to expose herself to such an ordeal as she must pass through there."

"If you could see how firm and self-possessed she is since I gave her my promise, you would think differently, Guy. I must risk it, at all events, for I have given my word to Inez, and I cannot recede from it now."

This was so decisively said that Denham saw remonstrance would be useless. So he remained silent, though he had many painful misgivings as to the result of this mournful visit.

A servant came to announce dinner, and they went out to it together; but in spite of Denham's assertion that he felt the want of food, he did very poor justice to the tempting delicacies served up especially for him.

Mrs. Langley left him over his coffee and went to Inez.

She had finished the dinner, of which she had forced herself to partake that she might have strength to go through with what lay before her that afternoon, and she was now sitting beside the fire looking very pale, but perfectly composed. She looked up and quietly said:

"Your brother has returned from town. Jane told me what had taken him there. If I had known that Mr. Denham was in danger, I would have gone in and told my vision to the magistrate. It might have done him some service. But I am glad he did not need it. It would have been very painful to me to go into a crowd at this time."

"Nor would I have permitted it, Inez. You have enough to bear without attempting such a thing as that. Guy underwent examination, but of course the charge was dismissed. After thought was allowed them, no one who knows my brother would believe him guilty of such a crime as this."

"I am most thankful that all is well thus far; and now, how long before we set out on our sad pilgrimage? I am quite calm; I only ask to stand beside Godfrey once more; to pray over him for the repose of his soul, and then I shall be ready for the life that awaits me. I shall find peace in religious observances, for I shall seek the refuge that is always open to those of my faith. I have quite made up my mind to that."

Mrs. Langley looked almost with reverence on the saintly repose of the face she had once known bright with animation and happiness; glowing with the love that had been so cruelly outraged. She stooped forward, and kissing her pale brow, gently said:

"You are almost an angel now, Inez, and all the vows you could take would scarcely make a better or nobler woman of you."

"I shall not take the vows that bind a nun, because in doing so I must renounce the control of my property, and I wish to retain that as a means of doing good myself. It would doubtless pass into abler hands than mine, but my life must have some object. I could not content myself without one; so I shall become a lay sister, and dedicate my life to good works. If I have failed to find happiness myself, I may become the medium of bestowing it on others, and in doing so I do not despair in finding consolation—in time, peace."

Mrs. Langley pressed her hand, and after a pause said:

"My brother has some doubts about the propriety of this visit, Inez. He fears that you have undertaken more than you will be able to go through with calmly. Are you quite sure that your fortitude will not desert you when the final trial comes? It will be very painful to you to stand beside poor Godfrey for the last time."

"It would be far more painful to let them bury him out of my sight without looking on him once more. If I did not feel sure that I can repress every audible expression of anguish, I would not ask you to take me to him. Dear Mrs. Langley, I have your promise, and you cannot, you dare not break it to so forlorn a creature as I am. I have so yearned to look upon Godfrey's face once more, that even a sight of his cold and senseless clay will be precious to me. I know that the spirit which shone through it has gone to another world, where he wil await my coming, for since it passed away hi voice has distinctly said to me:

"'Inez, you are my true wife, and I loved you best, though I gave my hand to another.'"

Mrs. Langley gave her a half startled glance, fearing that her mind was wandering again, but the ineffable tranquility of the face reassured her. There was something heavenly in the resignation stamped upon it, and she no longer feared to expose Inez to the painful ordeal she so earnestly desired to pass through. She softly said:

"I will no longer doubt your strength, Inez. I have ordered the carriage to be at the door in half an hour, and at the end of that time I will return for you."

She left the room, and Inez knelt down beside her chair and fervently prayed for strength and composure in the task before her. The yearning desire that possessed her to look once more on him she had so tenderly loved, would not be put aside, and she felt that strength would be granted her to take a last farewell of his cold remains, without betraying the mortal anguish that lay cradled in her heart.

Inez thought not of the comments of others—cared not for them. She was going to take her last look at the face of him she had believed almost a demi-god; and false as Fenton had proved himself to her, she knew that he had been the one love of her life.

When the carriage drove to the door, Mrs. Perkins brought her young lady's bonnet and shawl. She looked very grave and apprehensive, but ventured on no further remonstrance, for Inez had already heard as much from her as she could venture to utter. The nurse was afraid that, if this yearning wish was thwarted, Inez might grow wild again, and the poor woman was haunted by the dread that she might become melancholy mad as her mother had been before her death.

When Inez was ready to go out, she kissed Mrs. Perkins, and softly said:

"You need not be anxious on my account, Jane. I shall come back to you as calm as I go. Nothing can now move me from the composure I have conquered—yes, conquered through the divine spirit of prayer."

She passed out, and, looking after her with suffused eyes, her nurse murmured:

"Yes, that is the difference between her and her mother. She lays her burden on the Lord, who is able to help her, but Miss Susy fought against hers. She rebelled against what she had to bear, till she lost her mind, poor thing. I begin to hope that it will be better with her child, bad as things looked this morning."

During the drive to Silvermere, Inez scarcely spoke. She sat with her hands clasped tightly together, her black veil drawn over her face—seeing nothing, hearing nothing till the carriage entered the grounds around the place.

With a convulsive shudder, she suddenly exclaimed:

"It is the same place I came to last night! I can now convince you of the reality of my vision by pointing out to you the spot on which Godfrey fell. That clump of bushes on the left hand of the road sheltered the murderer. Oh, Mrs. Langley, let us not pass over the spot stained by his life-blood."

Her companion instantly called to the driver to stop the horses, and open the door. She said:

"As we wish to visit the house as privately as possible, it will be better at any rate not to drive to the door. We will get out and walk around the other side of the drive."

Inez was glad to feel the cool air blowing on her face; it restored to her the self-command which had been sadly shaken by the recognition of the place she had so lately visited in spirit.

The two ladies moved silently forward, and entered the house. Dr. Manton was sitting in the hall reading, and after Mrs. Langley had whispered a few words to him, he preceded them to the door of the room in which the body of Fenton lay.

On their entrance, another young man who was watching beside the dead arose, and the two gentlemen left the apartment together, closing the door behind them.

On a couch draped with white, reclined a marble form beautiful as Apollo, and, alas! as rigid as the sculptured form of the god. His shroud was wrapped around him as a Roman toga, and on his brow a chaplet of evergreens was placed. In his cold hands a spray of Life Everlasting lay, placed there by some tender friend, as a symbol of the immortality of the soul that had passed from the things of Time in so sudden and awful a manner.

There was no trace of suffering on the white stillness of the face, and Inez approached and looked down upon it with calmness almost as stony as that of the dead. She kissed the brow, cheeks, and lips; and then kneeling, with her hands clasped over the pulseless breast, she silently prayed for forgiveness for him, strength for herself.

Mrs. Langley watched her with awe and reverence. Never before had she been so deeply moved; and the tears she wept were more for the living heart so awfully stricken than for the lifeless one beside it.

Suddenly a side-door opened, and a form bowed with grief entered the darkened room, seemingly unconscious that it was occupied; and, with a gasp of dismay, Mrs. Langley recognized her aunt. Mrs. Markland held her handkerchief pressed to her face; she moved wearily to the side of the couch opposite to Inez, and, sinking on her knees, wailed forth:

"Oh, my son! my son! how shall I bear to give you up? to see you taken to the darkness of the grave? Would that I could have died for thee!"

She bowed her head, and moaned as if her heart was breaking, unconscious of the presence of any one near her till the cold hand of Inez was laid softly on the one she had thrown over Fenton's breast, and a gentle voice said:

"Mourn not as one without hope, for your lost one is this day with the angels. Such wrongs as he may have committed on earth are condoned by the blood of our Blessed Redeemer. The Lamb of God, who was slain for the sins of the world, is mighty to save. Have faith, and He shall bring consolation to your broken heart as He has already brought it to mine."

With a nervous start the mourner lifted her head and looked into the face of the speaker. She recognized it at once from a miniature of Inez she had been shown by her son, and in a gust of sudden penitence Mrs. Markland arose, moved toward the trembling girl, and, taking her in her arms, in a voice of anguish cried:

"Can *you* forgive me?—you whom I have so deeply injured? Pardon—pardon for the wrong I forced *him* to commit. Inez Lopez, I know you as the betrothed of my son—as the one love of his heart. He appealed to me in every way to win my consent to your union; but I, blinded by my own wilful desire to see another his wife, urged him on in the dishonorable path he had pursued. Blame not my dead boy, for he was true to you in his heart."

"I know he was," replied Inez, with strange calmness. "I have communed with him in spirit since his death, and he told me so. At your command he gave his hand to my rival, but the tie is broken now, and in death he belongs alone to me. I have been praying for the repose of his soul, and throughout my life, at the same hour of the evening, I will kneel at the throne of grace and renew my petitions for mercy to him and to myself. That God will hear me I feel assured, and in the fulness of time I shall be re-united to my loved and lost one."

As Mrs. Markland listened to these words, a strange stillness came over her lately turbulent grief. For the first time, a ray of consolation penetrated to her rebellious soul, and she laid her head on the shoulder of Inez and shed the tears which had hitherto refused to fall.

She at length found voice to say:

"God has sent a comforter to me in the person of the last one I could have expected to prove such. Inez, stay with me; be my daughter, and on you I will lavish the affection I have hitherto given my lost one. I shall love you because he did."

Inez tenderly kissed her brow and softly said:

"I will call you mother, if you will permit me to do so, and I will cherish for you the reverence of a child for a parent, but I cannot remain with you. My duties call me elsewhere. I must seek such change as will remove the past from me, not bind me more closely to it. Adieu, madam. I am glad that we have met, but it is for the first and last time. Our paths cannot be the same, though we are linked together by the sad memory of him who is gone. Much as he was to you, he was even more to me; but in the certainty that he is safe in the better land, I give him up to the ministrations of the angels that wait about the throne of God forever. Kiss me once, mother of my spirit bridegroom, and let me go upon my lonely way."

Awed and melted, Mrs. Markland pressed her lips to those of Inez. The pale girl stood a moment over the dead, with her hands tightly locked together, and her eyes fixed upon his features, as if trying to stamp them indelibly upon her memory.

She suddenly turned away, took the offered arm of Mrs. Langley, and moved from the room like one walking in a dream.

They found the carriage on the spot on which they had left it, and, without exchanging a word, the two ladies returned to Ashwood.

Denham had watched most anxiously for their arrival, and he came out as soon as he heard the sound of approaching wheels. As he assisted Inez to alight, he caught a glimpse of her face, and its pale composure reassured him as to what had happened during their absence.

The strength of the poor girl seemed to have deserted her, for she leaned helplessly upon his arm; and when Mrs. Perkins came to meet her, she lifted her in her arms and carried her to her bed.

Mrs. Langley closely followed them, and administered some restorative drops which she hoped would cause Inez to sleep. After whispering a few words of tender encouragement, she went to give her brother an account of what had happened of the strange scene that had passed beside the dead body of Fenton.

She ended her recital by saying:

"We are told about 'entertaining angels unawares,' and if one ever assumed mortal form, it is that of Inez Lopez. I have never seen such tenderness and firmness in any creature before. Even Opal, with all her bewitching charms, seems but a creature of earth beside her."

"I hope the interview will be of service to Aunt Gertrude. She was inconsolable when I saw her this morning," replied Denham, as if anxious to avoid hearing the name of Opal pronounced. "I said what I could to soothe her, but evidently without effect."

"No wonder, when she is suffering from the first bitterness of this blow. Had she cared less for her own wishes, and consulted the happiness of her idol before them, Godfrey would now be living, unstained by the dishonor she admits she almost forced upon him; and that wretched girl would never have sought to wreak her vengeance upon him. Guy, I must tell you that when we came toward the house at Silvermere, Inez refused to pass over the spot on which the blood of Godfrey had been shed. She recognized the localities as those seen in her vision, and pointed out the clump of cedars from which the assassin fired."

Denham listened with bent brow and compressed lips. He presently spoke, with some abruptness:

"I am willing to admit the reality of this hallucination, Anna; and perhaps some importance may be attached to what Miss Lopez states with reference to Godfrey's murder; but I cannot see that it implicates Nina Gordon in any way. Inez knew her well, and even in the disguise of a boy she must have recognized her."

His sister searchingly regarded him, and she slowly said:

"This is the second time to-day that I have remarked this unwillingness to suspect Miss Gordon. Why should this be so? She has no claim on you, and there is every reason why you should satisfy your doubts as to whether she was the chief actor in this tragedy or not. In justice to *her*, you should set my suspicions at rest if you believe her to be innocent. *Do* you believe that, Guy? I ask you a plain, straightforward question, and I demand from you an explicit reply."

Denham arose and paced the length of the floor several times. Pausing near his sister, he finally said:

"My dear Anna, reflection has convinced me that it will be a most cruel act to breathe on this young stranger's name the suspicion of so foul a crime. I cannot follow up Miss Gordon's steps, from the time she left Silvermere, without clearly showing to the world that I believe her to be guilty. If she is not so, think what such an accusation would be to her; how surely it would blight her life. Do not ask me to take any steps against her, for I recoil from the thought of doing so. Since we talked together this morning, I have decided that it will be inexpedient to attempt it."

Mrs. Langley listened with impatient surprise, and she decisively replied:

"Since you refuse to do this much justice to yourself, from an absurd feeling of chivalric respect for Miss Gordon's sex, I shall myself take the necessary steps to convince the world of her criminality. If Inez did not recognize her under such a disguise, that is no proof that Nina was not the assassin. I still adhere to my own opinion, and I warn you that I shall act upon it as soon as possible. Since you will not move in the affair, *I* will go to Natchez and inquire in every clothing store there if a young girl answering to her description purchased a suit of gray cloth and a dark fur cap, for that was the dress Inez described."

Denham earnestly replied:

"My dear sister, I entreat that you will do no such thing. I—I had far rather live down the charges against me than be instrumental in dragging this young girl before a criminal tribunal, even if she is guilty."

Mrs. Langley listened incredulously.

"Do I hear aright?" she asked. "Is it Guy Denham who asks me, his sister, to permit him to bear the stain of this fearful crime, when I hold in my hand the clue to its perpetrator? Why should you wish, at your own expense, to screen the wretched creature who certainly perpetrated it? What madness possesses you, Guy, to speak as you did just now?"

He took her hand in his own and gravely said:

"Anna, it is the desire to spare others, not to save Miss Gordon, that prompts me to declare that nothing shall induce me to point her out as the criminal, nor shall you do it with my consent."

"Others?—what others? Are you losing your senses, Guy? So far as I know anything about her, this girl has no one to mourn over her lapse from the right. She stands alone in the world, and that of itself would have protected her from me if *your* good name were not so deeply implicated. I shall not wait for your consent. I shall immediately telegraph to New Orleans to have her arrested on her arrival there, and brought back here for examination."

"Oh! Anna, Anna, will nothing make you listen to reason?" asked Denham, in great agitation. "For God's sake, do nothing of the kind. It will lead to such ruin and misery to those we love and respect as you cannot even imagine."

Completely mystified, Mrs. Langley gazed at him a few moments in silence, and then quickly said:

"There is something beneath this that I do not understand. You care nothing for the girl, yet you are trembling with agitation at the threat of her arrest. What is she to Mr. Hastings, and what confidence has he given you concerning her?"

"Why should you suppose that he has given me any?" he evasively replied.

"My instinct tells me that he has, and it rarely is at fault. If there is anything to be urged as a reason for screening her, you know that you may trust me, Guy; but I must know the ground we stand on."

"There is a reason, Anna, but I scarcely feel justified in revealing it to you. Can you not be satisfied with the assurance that it is necessary to spare Nina Gordon?"

"No—I cannot, and will not. What *you*, in your unselfish disregard of your own interests, may consider cause enough to spare her, I may regard in a totally different light. If you have anything to tell me, I am willing to listen patiently; to give due weight to all you may say, and to pledge you my word that the confidence shall be held sacred from the knowledge of others."

Denham reluctantly replied:

"There seems to be no alternative left me. I do not think that you will ever be tempted to betray what I must confide to you, Anna; for in so doing, you would strike a fearful blow at those to whom you have long regarded as the best of friends. Come near to me, and let me whisper in your ear the secret confided to me by Mr. Hastings this morning, amid such a tempest of emotion as moved me to the depths of my soul. You force me to tell you, or I should never have breathed it to mortal ears."

Mrs. Langley leaned eagerly forward. She changed color as the words left his lips and gazed at him several moments in blank astonishment and dismay. At length she found voice to say:

"It is incredible! His daughter! How did he dare to bring her beneath his wife's roof without letting her know in what relation Nina stood to him? He!—a man respected by every one too! I can hardly believe it, though you assure me of it on his own authority."

"It is but too painfully true. Mr. Hastings was wrong in the course he took, but he has been too bitterly punished for you or me to sit in judgment upon him. Anna, I declare to you that such pity as I felt for him when he made that confession has never moved my heart toward any other creature. He has been weak—wicked perhaps; but he is utterly broken down and most wretched, and mine shall never be the hand to throw the first stone at him. I had far rather bear such suspicions as must still cling to me, than clear myself by exposing the hideous skeleton that has so long dwelt in his house. Mr. Hastings believes as you do, that Nina destroyed the man who had jilted her and married her sister. Surely that is punishment enough for him to bear."

Denham anxiously regarded her, but Mrs. Langley relieved his fears by saying in a gloomy tone:

"I see—I comprehend that you must permit her to escape for the sake of those so nearly connected with her. I know what would follow exposure. Mrs. Hastings would never forgive the concealment so long practised by her husband. She would separate from him, and little as he deserves consideration, I am myself unwilling to save your fair name from taint by sacrificing him to prove to the world how falsely you have been accused. But, Guy, if it were not for the hope that you may some day claim your reward in gaining the hand of Opal, I would not consent to compromise you, even for the sake of her father."

"Don't speak of that now, Nina. I dare not even dream of such happiness in the future, for a union between us would only give fresh impetus to the slanders of others. I will put self aside, and do my duty to my neighbor without looking to any future result to myself. In the years to come, if God in His mercy enables me to clear myself before the eyes of man, I may once more admit into my heart the sweetest and brightest hope that ever dawned upon it."

Mrs. Langley took his hand, and solemnly said:

"That eternal justice will reveal all in its own good time, I firmly believe. Such noble self-abnegation as this must meet its reward even in this world. My lips are sealed as to Nina Gordon's guilt; we must bear the burden laid on us as we best may, trusting and hoping that the time will come to prove your innocence to all who may doubt it, and open the way for you to gain the hand of her you love. You can wait; Opal is little more than a child yet, and by the time she is old enough to become your wife you may find yourself in a position to win her as such."

"Thank you, dear. I believe that you must take the same view of this sad affair that I do, but I am not the less grateful to you for doing so. I must cause efforts to be made to discover the murderer of Godfrey, but I shall be very careful not to set the detectives on the right track. Nothing can come of it of course, but it will serve to show others that I court investigation and am willing to have every thing laid bare, so far as I am individually concerned."

Mrs. Langley arose, and sadly said:

"I must retire to my own room to think over all this, and reconcile myself to the humiliating defeat I must endure. It is hard that I should hold the fate of the guilty one almost in my hand, yet allow her to escape the punishment she merits; and leave her, perhaps, to commit some other outrage as flagrant as this. Such a wretch is capable of anything, and I scarcely think that we have heard the last of Nina Gordon. Well may that hoary-headed old man shrink and cower before the creature he is so unhappy as to claim as his child."

She left the room, and Denham remained absorbed in thought. In spite of the uncertainty of the future—of the darkness of the present—the tender hopes which had sprung into new life beneath the words of his sister came to strengthen him for the inevitable probation he must endure before he could, with any degree of certainty, hope to win the dearest treasure of his life.

Opal was free—was again within his reach—and he would despair of nothing that would open the way to a future union with her.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

—Whilst we live let us live well; for be a man ever so rich when he lights his fire, death may, perhaps, enter his door before it be burnt out.

MY NEWFOUNDLANDER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

I have a friend as true to me
As steel is to the star at sea;
You may have wiser, older, grander,
A braver there can never be
Than "Watch," my faithful Newfoundlander!

He seems half-human, and his pride
Is, to sit closely at my side.
Whatever fate shall overtake me,
Or changing fortune may betide,
I know he never will forsake me.

The price of gold and stocks may rise
Or fall, and I may be unwise,
And lose the earnings of my labor;
But he will not avert his eyes,
When I am cut by my rich neighbor.

He humors every freak and whim,
No slight is personal to him,
For well he understands his master:
His instinct is like reason dim—
His loss would be my sad disaster.

Now he who strikes my dog strikes me,
And I will his avenger be,
Although I am no quarrel seeker;
But when a friend is dumb, you see
He needs some one to be his speaker.

Why, he would risk his life for mine,
And suffer wounds and never whine,
In any contest sharp and gory;
A word, a look, a smile of mine,
Would be his oriflamme of glory.

My door-mat is his chosen bed,
He picks his bone and sleeps when fed,
He finds no fault with fare or wages;
Well has the proverb-maker said—
A sentence that survives the ages:

"He that shall find a friend as true
And faithful as a dog, should do
His utmost and his best endeavor
To praise him high the wide world through;
For fame is friendship's due forever.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXXI.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

A CHAPTER OF ADVENTURES.

For the first two weeks spent beneath Hassan's roof Fiddy and I managed to pass the time quite comfortably; but after that we began to be anxious and uneasy. We had been into the city several times in company with Ali, and one day, towards the end of our third week, while alone at the cot, we concluded to go in alone. There could be no danger, we thought, in taking a stroll through that part of the city away from the British quarters, and we finally concluded to go; and, as we had done on former occasions when addressed by strangers, we could play "deaf and dumb." At the gate we were hailed by one of the guard, but a few signs from Fiddy made things all right, and we were suffered to pass on. We had wandered about through the narrow, filthy streets a couple of hours, or so, when our attention was at length attracted by a crowd of men and boys assembled near a corner by an open square in which stood a small mosque. We pushed on into the crowd, and found the object of interest to be a man standing up against the post of a shop-door. He seemed to be in great pain, for his features were horribly contorted, and he groaned audibly; and ever and anon an egg, or a rotten pomegranate, would be hurled upon him. I noticed two soldiers standing near by, who seemed to be watching him.

Upon working our way to the front we discovered the secret of the man's agony. In the first place, he was standing upon "tip-toe," which is not a pleasant position, especially when one is forced long to maintain it. And in the second place, we discovered that the man's right ear was nailed to the door-post! It was a curious sight, truly; and so ludicrous was the whole thing that I could not help smiling in spite of the pain which I knew the wretch must be suffering. He had been placed with his back against the post, and then lifted upon his toes, and in this position his right ear had been firmly transfixed with a small iron spike. The man could lower himself upon the soles of his feet if he pleased, but the rest thus gained would cost him a slit in the ear.

"Good gracious, Beck., what d'ye s'pose that chap's nailed up in that fashion for?"

"He has been selling sugar by false weights," said a man who stood directly behind us. "That's his shop, and that's the way the Prefect has ordered him to be punished."

We turned, and beheld an Englishman, clad in an ordinary citizen's dress; and he seemed as much surprised upon beholding our faces as we were troubled upon beholding him.

"Eh!" he cried, "aren't you English?"

"*Bah zibbee swarzah abbah!* No Anglaise we!" returned Fiddy. "Speakee leetle—not mooch. Sailee ze felucca to ze Geebraltare, two—six—hundred times!"

I then caught Fiddy by the arm, and in a hurried manner rattled off two or three phrases which I had gained from Ali and Hassan, at the same time pulling him away as though he was wanted elsewhere. The Englishman gazed after us with a dubious expression, and I could plainly see that he was far from being satisfied. As soon as we got clear from the crowd we concluded that our safest course, under the circumstances, would be to hurry home.

On the next day Ali went into the city and hung around the quarters of the English consul until he discovered that there was preparation on foot for searching for two English deserters. At that time, be it understood, men were much needed in the British navy, and deserters therefrom were hunted down, if possible, regardless of expense, for money was more easily procured than were seamen.

The seventh day of December came on Saturday. Hassan, with two of his companions, had gone to Gibraltar, and we were expecting them back that evening; but as the day was dark and drizzly, we hardly thought they would come. Just at dark, however, their small felucca came to anchor close in shore, and Hassan was soon with us; and he brought a piece of intelligence that caused our hearts to leap for joy. There was an American ship at Gibraltar, and she would pass out on the morrow. Hassan had seen the Moorish fruit-seller, and all was right. The latter person had visited the ship, and the captain had promised to heave-to off Tangier and take us on board. He not only expressed himself as anxious to serve us, but he sadly needed men. A British sloop-of-war at Palermo had seized four of his best hands, claiming them as deserters, and if he could have the assistance of two Yankee sailors for his home voyage, he would go some distance out of his way to get them.

That night we turned in with light hearts, and I can assure you we slept but little. I was awake when the first peep of dawn broke through the brown leaves of the vine that crept up over our little open windows, and just as we got up from our mattress I heard the tramp of many feet in the yard, and presently I heard the hum of voices. In a few moments Ali entered our apartment, and by the dim light I could distinguish that he was trembling with apprehension.

"Brothers," he said, "there are a lot of British soldiers below, and they swear that there are two deserters in this house! They are now talking with Hassan, and he cannot prevent them from searching the premises. God is great; but how shall he aid us now?"

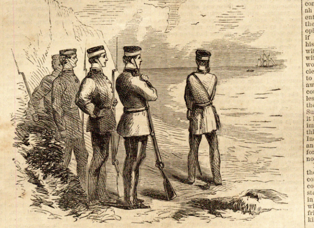
He pressed his hand upon his brow, and remained thus for several moments; and while he was thinking I heard the voice of the officer who commanded the squad, and these were the words I heard him speak:

"Look to the windows, and if they attempt to escape by that way, shoot them down. Fire at their legs!"

And then he spoke to the others, and bade them follow him into the house.

At this juncture Ali started towards us. He had been standing by the window, and the window overlooked the bay. He caught me by the arm and spoke in quick, short accents:

"A ship is coming. I am sure it is the American. You must go with the guard. Give yourselves up peaceably, and use every exertion not to have any bonds put upon your limbs. As soon as you are gone I will go down to the water and fix the small boat. She shall be resting upon the sand, with the oars ready. Break from the English and run. Gain the boat and pull for the ship. Other boats I will have out of the way. When you reach ship throw anchor overboard, and the boat will float toward the point and catch, and I can get her. Eh! here they are."



While Ali had been speaking I had, while listening, been getting out my money, and I slipped it into his hands, simply saying, "For Hassan." He understood me, and put it into his pocket; and in a moment more the door was pushed open and a sergeant of infantry, with two privates, entered. We rubbed our eyes, as though just getting up, and Ali spoke to them in his own tongue. The sergeant uttered an oath, and told him to talk English. But one of his privates, a keen-eyed Irishman, was more witty than he.

"Hould on, Sergeant. Here's yer Englishman. Just take a peep at his mug. Och, by the holy piper, but it's an illegant face inthirely."

He had placed his hand upon my shoulder, and was regarding me with a comical expression. A moment's reflection, and my resolution was taken. I simply knew that our disguise would not bear a moment's close scrutiny. The color upon our faces must have been in patches from the rain to which we had been exposed on the previous evening; and then our features could not pass muster for anything but pure Norman or Anglo-Saxon. I spoke frankly, and in good humor, though God knows there was a heavy load at my heart.

"Well, well, mates, there is no use in denying the truth, but I give you my word that we are not deserters. We were cast upon the shore in the night, and have only been waiting for an opportunity to get off in a merchant vessel, for we belong to that service; and we assumed this disguise in order that we might not be impressed into the navy, for I give you my word of honor that we do not belong there."

"You'll have to go to the consul's with us," said the sergeant.

"I suppose there's no help for it now," I returned, "but I hope we shall be allowed to go free when we convince the consul that we are honestly and truly merchant-men."

The officer laughed, and said he had no doubt that we should be set free. He was very pleasant and agreeable, and showed no disposition to be rough. He had evidently expected to have a tussle, and when he found that every thing promised to be smooth and easy, he was happily disappointed, and his feelings towards us were influenced accordingly. He asked us if we would go with him, and, upon our answering in the affirmative, he led us down the ladder and out into the yard, where he gathered his force—which amounted to six men, besides himself.

When we were ready to start, the sergeant walked by my side; the Irishman kept Fiddy company; while the others brought up the rear.

"Hold on!" cried Ali. "Have you got, your book?"

I told him I had; but, the moment the reply had passed my lips, I saw that he only sought an opportunity to speak with me.

"Have you any money?" he asked.

"Not a penny," said I.

"Then take this half-crown. You have paid us more than enough for your lodging."

He advanced, and placed a half-crown in my hand, hurriedly whispering as he did so:

"*In ten minutes the boat will be ready!*"

He added a few words of cheer for the soldiers to hear, and then we left the yard. As we passed out from the orange-grove, I looked out into the bay and saw a ship standing in towards the shore. She had a small ensign at the peak, and by-and-by it blew out so that I could distinguish the glorious Stars-and-Stripes of my native land. Oh, how my heart bounded under the influence of the spell! I felt in my very bones that, when the time should come, I could break away from a score of soldiers.

It was very soon evident that our attendants had not the most remote idea that we thought of giving them the slip. They allowed us to walk as we pleased, and if the sergeant remained close by my side, it was only for the purpose of conversing with me upon general topics.

At the distance of little over a mile from the fisherman's hamlet there was a grove of dates and palms, through which the path ran; and it was my plan that we would break from our guard near the eastern confine of that thicket; for by that means we should have a distance of at least forty rods to run under cover, so that the soldiers could have no good opportunity to bring their muskets to bear upon us. They would have to start to run after us; and I knew they could not, in that grove, take aim at us while running. And, furthermore, as our attendants were loaded down with their accoutrements, we should have a great advantage over them in flight. And even allowing that they should throw away their muskets, and knapsacks, and belts, their clumsy uniforms would so far interfere with a free use of their limbs that we could easily outrun them.

Of course it was necessary that I should have an understanding with Fiddy, and to this end I embraced the first opportunity to direct my conversation to him. I spoke to him of the kindness of the fishermen; and wondered if we should ever see them again; and I expressed a regret that we had not had more money to pay for our board; and finally I got a chance to whisper:

"—*sh! When we reach the further edge of yonder grove I will give the signal. Look out for it! Run for your life!*"

And then I kept on, aloud, in words which our guard might hear.

As we entered the grove I commenced to sing a song which I had learned from Jake Miller, and which was a great favorite among British seamen. It gave the adventures of an old man-of-wars'-man who had served under William IV. when he was in the navy, the burden of the chorus being devoted to the idea of—

"Messmates, shove along the grog;
We'll drink enough to scald a hog;
And as we drink we'll merrily sing,
Long life to BILL, *the sailor king!*"

This chorus struck the fancy of the soldiers at once, and as soon as they caught the air they joined in with a will. There were some ten or twelve verses to the song, and I had made four more for Jake's particular benefit; so that by the time the song was concluded we had come very near to the eastern edge of the grove; and as good fortune would have it, we found, by the side of the path, and growing in among the trees, a lot of bushes bearing a berry called by the fishermen "wild dates," though they were more like a small sweet pear, or fig, than like a date. However, they were very pleasant to eat, and especially so as the lateness of the season had allowed them to become thoroughly ripe.

I suggested the idea of picking a few of the berries, and the soldiers seemed to like it. The song had pleased them, and the fact that they had been able to help on with the chorus had served to put them on excellent good terms with themselves. I picked, and eat, and praised the berries; and as soon as the soldiers had tasted of them, and had been assured that they were not in anyway poison, they went in with a will. Without any extra effort I contrived to get the guard all ahead of me, and to draw Fiddy to my side. In a little while the sergeant was far in among the palms, where the berries were thick, and his companions had entirely forgotten that they had any other responsibility than to follow him. I caught Fiddy's eye and placed my finger upon my lips. Slowly and noiselessly we crept backward—back—back—until a turn in the path hid our captors from sight,—and then we leaped away. The extraordinary good fortune which had attended us thus far served to lighten our limbs and our hearts, and we sped along as though wings were lifting us clear of the earth. For my own part there were times when it did not seem as though my feet touched the ground at all, so swiftly did I fly, and so lightly fell my feet upon the sandy sward.

At length I heard the note of alarm—the voice of the sergeant calling for his prisoners,—but, mercy! we were almost beyond musket-shot. Aye—I should not have trembled an atom had I known that the whole squad were taking deliberate aim at that distance; and when I remembered that an eighth of a mile of thicket lay between them and us, I only laughed and shouted to Fiddy in my joy. We did not strike towards the fisher's cot, because that might have compromised our friends; but we kept directly down towards the shore. As we came out from the thicket we saw the American ship just laying her maintopsail aback, and upon the beach we saw the boat. On we sped, and when we had reached a point at least half a mile from the grove we saw our sergeant and his guard emerging therefrom. There was not much need of over-exertion; but still we thought it a good plan to keep out of the reach of British bullets, so we kept on at the top of our speed, our pursuers having started at full tilt after us.

There is no rise and fall of tide upon those shores, so Ali had left the light skiff where we could push it off with little trouble, and as soon as we reached it we ran it into the water; then jumped in; seized the oars; and were quickly pulling for the ship. The change from running to pulling an oar called a new set of muscles into play, so that we were almost as good as new, and when the soldiers reached the water's edge we were entirely out of harm's way.

We pulled alongside the ship, and were greeted with the cheerful hail of our own countrymen. A line was thrown to us from the gangway, and as soon as Fiddy had secured it I lifted the light anchor from the bows of our boat and threw it overboard. There were at least ten fathoms of line attached to it, and I knew that if the current swept the little craft towards the point, the anchor would bring her up, so that Ali and Hassan could go out and get her.

Once more upon the deck of an American ship! Once more surrounded by countrymen! I pointed to the soldiers who still stood upon the shore, and the captain, comprehending the whole matter, gave the order for filling away, and ere long we were moving towards the broad Atlantic. From the disappointed sergeant and his squad I turned my gaze upon the fisher's cot, and I plainly saw a white flag waved from the window of the apartment we had occupied. I waved my kerchief in return, and as, at length, I was being borne from the scene, and the last angle of the humble cot faded out in the distance, I turned my thoughts heavenward, and fervently prayed that God would bless the true friends we were leaving, perhaps never to meet again on earth!

WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTOR'S DISAGREE.

Here lie two letters on my desk, from strangers, regarding a late article of mine in the *Ledger*. One warmly endorses the sentiments therein expressed, and calls upon "God to bless me" for their expression. The other dissents entirely, and commends me to the notice of a *far different Power*, for disseminating such wrong-headed notions. Thank you both! I am used to both styles of epistles. There's nothing I contend for more than individuality of opinion; this would be a stupid world enough if we all thought, felt, and acted after one universal programme; every body must see things from their own stand-point and through their own spectacles; and, provided they use civil language, should "have the floor" in turn to air their ideas. It might be well to suggest that, in commenting on a newspaper article, care should be taken that it be first thoroughly read, that the writer's meaning be not misinterpreted; if this were done in many cases, the foundation for an adverse opinion would be quite knocked from under. Authors must expect the penalties as well as the rewards of their labors; but one of the most trying is to be accused of sentiments and feelings which they hold in utter abhorrence. Still, he would make small progress on a journey, who should stop to hurl a stone at every barking creature at his heels; therefore, in such cases, let patience have her perfect work, and let the victim keep steadily moving on, with an eye fixed upon the goal in the distance. But when you have unintentionally wounded a gentle spirit, which grieves all the more because it conscientiously believes that you have done harm, ah! then, none would be sorrier than the present writer; none would go farther to soothe the hurt; none would try harder to agree in opinion, consistently with self-respect. But if every writer stopped to consider whether his readers would be pleased, or the contrary, with his sentiments, instead of busying himself with the subject on hand for the moment, it would be like the clouding in of the sun on a clear morning. Everything would be reduced to one colorless level. The bright tints taken away, made brighter by the sometime shadows, could give a landscape tame enough, spiritless enough, to engender hypochondria. Surely the world of to-day is more liberal than this. Surely it is learning "to agree to differ." Surely it knows by this time that a good life, is of more importance than creeds or beliefs. Surely in this year of our Lord, 1867, the days of the Inquisition are past both for editors and writers, and the watch-word of to-day—and, thank God, for to-morrow, and the day after—is progress, not paralysis.

Having said this, I consider that I have cleared the deck for action, as far as my own ship is concerned. A stray shot won't frighten or discourage me; on the contrary, it only makes me step round the livelier, to see that my guns are in working order. Then, again, any one who wishes to hail me, and haul alongside in a friendly manner, shall be always certain of a kind salute from FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MT. HOLYOKE.—When a young lady finds the rules of a seminary which she is attending, "intolerable," and resolves that, come what will, she "will not submit to the odious and stupid tyranny," it is time for her to quit the school and seek instruction elsewhere. No pupil can be allowed to determine what rules are proper or improper, tolerable or intolerable, so long as she intends to remain and does remain in an institution. The only prerogative which she has a right to exercise is that of obedience; and, if she cannot obey, then she should leave. In the case you mention, your uncurbed and undisciplined passions have led you astray. If you had been properly governed at home and made to know your place, as you should have been, you would have none of the difficulties which now assail you. The best thing you can now do is to set about reforming your temper and your conduct, else you will have a miserable life of it clear to your death-bed.

JERUSHA.—It is a pretty well authenticated fact that one can live in Europe for much less than it costs to live in the United States. Many who have tried it say that they can live in France, Switzerland, Germany or Italy for from two-thirds to one-half what it costs them to live at home, and that they get far more comfort, besides, out of their foreign than they can extract out of their home living. Others, again, who have tried the experiment, say that although the cost of living is far less in Europe than in the United States, yet that the many discomforts attendant upon a foreign residence more than counterbalance the saving in cost. In such matters, the only way that one can arrive at a satisfactory conclusion is to try the experiment for himself.

E. B.—In reading, for the purpose of acquiring such knowledge as will enable you to shine in conversation, hardly anything in the way of history, biography and current literature will come amiss. The great point is to digest what you read so thoroughly as to make it a part of the very warp and woof of your mind—so it will become ripe and mellow, and completely at your command. A mass of mere undigested "cram" is of very little use to any one in conversation, as the current of talk may suddenly take such a turn as to leave it high and dry on the shore.

MANAGER.—You are in danger of making a fatal mistake. A young man who resorts to trickery, for success in business, is certain to come to grief at last. There is nothing so good as truthfulness and honesty in any walk or business of life. You should at once quit your "smartness," as you call it, and strike into a square, honest gait, and *adhere to it*. By so doing, you will gain not only the confidence of your neighbors, but, what is far better, the approval of your own conscience and of heaven.

SAVOY.—It was proper for the clergyman who officiated at the funeral to decline to give a notice of the lecture that was to take place in the evening; and it was exceedingly indelicate, intrusive and improper for the lecturer to arise while the mourners were gathered around their dead and give the notice himself. A man of such vulgar indiscretion would not be apt to aid any cause in whose advocacy he should chance to be engaged.

TORMENTER.—It is inexcusably wrong for your brother to torment you and his young sisters as you accuse him of doing. Such a malicious and heartless cub should be thrashed into at least a semblance of decency. You are foolish to allow his threats of vengeance to deter you from telling your father of his cruelties. You should make a plain statement of the case at once, and let your father put an end to your tormenter's pranks.

HEMPSTEAD.—Your story is too disconnected to enable us to give you advice. Besides, an opinion on the matter would involve several legal questions, among which would be the validity and constriction of your uncle's will, the marriage of your mother, and the kinship to your uncle of those who are contending for his property. Go to some lawyer with your story.

BELLES-LETTRES.—The rule has generally been in former times to say the Misses Smith, the Misses Jenkins, &c., but of late years the custom of saying the Miss Smiths, the Miss Jenkinses, &c., has become so prevalent as to render it permissible, so that one can take his choice of the phrases.

DOROTHY.—Any girl who hungers and thirsts after knowledge, as you seem to do, can hardly fail to find means to acquire it. By stating your case and your wishes to the principal of some seminary you could probably get an opportunity to attend the school and pay for your tuition by work.

A BUSINESS MAN.—Your policy is right, inasmuch as your business is legitimate. We once heard a clergyman say that he liked the man who hitched his self-interest to the public good and compelled it to draw it. Such men ought to be rewarded.

BOSPHORUS.—There may be "chances in Turkey for energetic young Americans," but we think it would be a foolish piece of business for any one to go there to hunt them up. Better stay at home, and take your chance where you are known.

GABLE.—If you think the contractors put too high a figure on the contemplated work, you should get estimates from others. It is strange that a man of business should not be able to manage so simple an affair as that.

PERSEVERE.—Your restlessness, dissatisfaction wit the world, and supposed willingness to die at an time, all come from a spirit of selfishness. You see to think that your "aversion to the common walks life," your desire to become distinguished, to mak money, and to travel and see the world, are peculia to yourself, and that other people never experienc such longings. You say that you are now "a girl twenty years," and yet have never been satisfied wit your lot. All these things show that you are selfish and long for things which you are unwilling to go t work and fairly earn. Every girl who is poor, an every poor young man also, has longings for a bette lot in life, for distinction, for travel, and for wealth and some of them go to work and earn money an acquire fame, and others mope around and grumble because they cannot enjoy the fruits of labor which they are unwilling to perform. The best thing for you to do is to go to work with all your might at whatever you can get to do, and employ your leisure hours in solid study. By pursuing such a course you will develop whatever talents you have, and acquire the means to live independently, and it may be that in time you will be able to indulge your desire for foreign travel, and also your other ambitious wishes.

SHELBY COUNTY, MO.—"Will you please answer the following question: I am a poor girl, and make my living by teaching school. My father has a large family, of which I am the eldest; and I have lost my right hand. Father has given me a very good common education; but my salary is barely sufficient to clothe me decently, and if I had a thorough education I might obtain a more remunerative situation in some public school in a city. I think I could graduate in ten or fifteen months, if I had the money to defray my expenses. Is there no school where a girl may go and pay for her tuition afterwards? I am trying to study at nights and at vacations, but I do not get along fast enough. Please advise me." There are, undoubtedly, many schools where a girl of your excellent character could go for a year or so, and pay for her tuition out of her future earnings. You should apply to any school within your knowledge, and see what the result would be. But, after all, the best way would be to earn your education as you go along, and keep out of debt.

BANKRUPT.—This correspondent says he is a young man of twenty-five, and that until recently he was worth a few thousand dollars; but that having gone into a speculation, he has lost every dollar he had. He is in love with a poor girl, but he is too poor to marry her, and his salary is small. "At the same time," he says, "I can marry a rich girl who loves me, but whom I do not love. All my friends advise me to marry her, but I want your advice before I do anything." In the first place, a man who would talk over such delicate and almost sacred affairs with "all his friends" must be a person of coarse nature whom it would be a misfortune for any woman of delicacy and refinement to marry. Our advice to you is to go to work and earn and save all the money you can, repent of your indecent canvassing of the comparative advantages of the "two girls" and strive to acquire sufficient delicacy and refinement of nature to make you a fit companion for whatever woman may chance to become your wife.

ROCHESTER.—It seems that Cupid is making mischief in Monroe county, "about these days," as the almanacs say. Our correspondent, who says he is worth over forty thousand dollars, clear of all liabilities, has been unspeakably astounded by a Monroe-county girl's rejection of him for, as he puts it, "a fellow who isn't worth a thousand dollars in the world, and whose only claim for popularity rests on his fine tenor voice." Only think of it, a fine tenor voice wins the day and the girl against forty thousand dollars clear of all liabilities except the liability to be taken in and done for. Our correspondent says, "I have written proofs of the girl's promise to marry me, and I want to know if they would make it a sure thing for me to sue her for breach-of-promise." A forty-thousand-dollar man would be unwise to sue a penniless woman for anything, and especially for breach-of-promise.

PUEBLA.—It is useless to attempt to "settle" the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the execution of Maximillian by the Mexicans. There will always be different opinions on the subject. Those who think that "royal folk" have predominant rights over the rest of mankind, and also the sentimentalists, will of course condemn the execution of the princely fillibuster; while the sturdy democrats and republicans who believe that one decent man is as good as another, and that one usurper is as bad as another, will rejoice in the thorough vindication of the rights of the people which was sealed with Maximillian's blood.

PORTLAND, KY.—Instead of "running off" with the girl, and marrying her against the consent of her parents, you should wait patiently until you can get their consent, or until she becomes of age and free to choose and act for himself. It is always well to keep the Golden Rule in mind, and to act upon it, in love affairs as well as in other matters. If you had a daughter of marriageable age, how would you like to have a young man behave towards her and *you?* Just think that question over, and you will probably have no difficulty in coming to a right conclusion.

R. W.—Patrick Henry was never "branded as a traitor by the American people." On the contrary, he has always been looked upon as one of our most shining and conspicuous patriots. No doubt he was bitterly assailed by his political opponents, and many party editors probably "held him up to the scorn and indignation of an outraged community," as they did Adams, Jefferson, and even Washington; but the "*American people*" have always admired and revered him as one of the truest and most gifted champions of civil liberty which the country has produced.

T. G.—You and your companion were too sensitive. When gentlemen call on ladies, the latter are not thereby put under bonds, or restraint, or surveillance, and compelled to do or not to do certain specific things, as though they were prisoners. Perfect freedom of thought, speech and action, within the bounds of courtesy, is to be allowed at all social meetings. A man who is so self-conscious as to imagine that *he* is constantly in the thoughts of others, and that whatever they do or do not do, they always mean *him*, is unfit to go in society at all.

ONEIDA.—It is not proper, but vulgar and outrageous, for young men to follow girls about who are out walking, and annoy them by keeping in close proximity to them. The "fashionable young gent," to whom you refer, and who says that "all the young bloods in New York do such things," is an imposter, who is playing himself off on your rural friends. The chances are that he is a metropolitan rogue, who is out on some "lay" in the country. Look out for your silver spoons and other valuables of easy transportation.

A. S., Alabama.—The questions raised by the purchase of property (before the close of the war) in the South for Confederate scrip, and the claims now made that payment in that scrip was no payment at all, are too grave for decision in a newspaper paragraph. It will tax the legal ability of the Supreme Court of the United States to give a full and final settlement of all those questions, and the sooner that tribunal gets to work on them the better.

BOSTON.—If a boy or girl of sixteen were fool enough to get married, and could find any one to perform the ceremony, the marriage would be legal. Girls have been married at fourteen, and even thirteen, and the marriage upheld in law; but it is a most outrageous piece of business for a man to inveigle children of that age into marriage.

PESCARA.—McDonald Clarke, sometimes called the mad poet, who was well known in this city several years ago, is the reputed author of the lines:

"Night drew her sable curtain round
And pinned it with a star."

MILWAUKEE.—Smoking hurts some people, and others it does good. Every one must settle the question of its benefitting or injuring him for himself. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," you know.

****Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
No. 90 Beekman street, New York.